

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXII. }

No. 1770.—May 18, 1878.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXVII.

CONTENTS.

I. POPULAR BUDDHISM ACCORDING TO THE CHINESE CANON,	<i>Westminster Review</i> ,	387
II. SECOND SIGHT. Conclusion. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, by	<i>E. W. Latimer</i> ,	402
III. THE POETRY OF DOUBT.—ARNOLD AND CLOUGH,	<i>Church Quarterly Review</i> ,	410
IV. MACLEOD OF DARE. By William Black. Part VIII.,	<i>Advance Sheets</i> ,	421
V. THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	428
VI. THE CHINA-CLAY INDUSTRY OF CORNWALL AND DEVON. By J. H. Collins, F.G.S., Secretary of the Royal Institution of Cornwall,	<i>Popular Science Review</i> ,	434
VII. FLOWERS OF ANGLO-INDIAN LITERATURE,	<i>St. James's Magazine</i> ,	438
VIII. THE LUXURY OF READING OLD NOVELS,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	442
IX. COURTESY AT HOME,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	444
X. THE CHINESE RECONQUEST OF EASTERN TURKESTAN,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	446

POETRY.

TWO SONNETS,	386	IN A MEADOW,	386
A CHILD'S HEART,	386	A ROOM,	386
MISCELLANY,			448

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

TWO SONNETS.

HER LAUREATE.

I AM, indeed, no theme with you for song —
 A poet you, yet not for me your praise —
 You crowned another woman with your
 bays,
 Lifting your voice to heaven, triumphant,
 strong,
 And fear by future rhymes to do her wrong :
 If I should walk beside you in your ways
 An echo would pursue us from old days,
 And men would say, "He loved once, and for
 long !"
 So now without great love he is content,
 Since she is dead for whom he used to sing,
 And daily needs demand their aliment."
 Thus some poor bird who strives with
 broken wing
 To soar, then stoops, strength gone and glad
 life spent,
 To any hand that his scant food will bring.

HEREAFTER.

IN after years a twilight ghost shall fill
 With shadowy presence all thy waiting
 room —
 From lips of air thou canst not kiss the
 bloom,
 Yet at old kisses will thy pulses thrill,
 And the old longing that thou couldst not kill,
 Feeling her presence in the gathering gloom,
 Will mock thee with the hopelessness of
 doom,
 While she stands there and smiles, serene and
 still.
 Thou canst not vex her then with passion's
 pain;
 Call, and the silence will thy call repeat,
 But she will smile there with cold lips and
 sweet,
 Forgetful of old tortures, and the chain
 That once she wore — the tears she wept in
 vain

At passing from her threshold of thy feet.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Macmillan's Magazine.

A CHILD'S HEART.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

GIVE me thy heart, O little child !
 Just for one golden hour ;
 Thine eyes by passion undefiled,
 Thy soft cheek's peachy dower.
 Give me thy curls that float and fall
 In tangles sweet and wild ;
 But more than all, oh, more than all,
 Give me thy heart, O child !
 O glad child's heart !

Give me thy heart of careless sun,
 And I will give to thee
 My present schemes, my triumphs won,
 My dreams that might not be,

My precious hoard of garnered thought
 Piled in the fruitful years,
 My worldly wisdom, dearly bought
 With blood, and toil, and tears,
 O glad child's heart !

He gives his curls a saucy shake
 And blithely darts away ;
 Not all the promises I make
 Will tempt the child to stay.
 For if he lent for one sweet hour
 That priceless boon I lack,
 Full well he knows no earthly power
 Could make me give it back —
 O glad child's heart !
 Sunday Magazine.

IN A MEADOW.

How may a grateful mortal speak his thanks
 For such a day as this ? The rillet plays
 Between a paradise of lily banks ;
 Cool, sheltered by a million moving sprays.
 The early sweets of life, that long had been
 Forgotten in the darkened days of pain,
 Come back to give old charms to each new
 scene,
 And withered hopes, like trees, grow green
 again.

Midmost the leafage of the bending lane,
 Half hid in shade, half shining in the sun,
 Rumbles the heavy, rocking farmer's wain ;
 And after it barefooted children run
 To cheer the wagoner, and reach the hay
 Plucked by the hedges ; and old women sit
 To knit in silence and to nod away
 The hours on cottage-steps with noon-light
 lit.

Cassell's Magazine.

GUY ROSLYN.

A ROOM.

IN Florence, sacred to a great man's fame
 Remains the room of Michael Angelo,
 Wherein we softly breathe, with motion slow,
 As if a spirit might intrusion blame.
 Could it be yesterday he sketched the same
 Sad *Dies Ira* * all the world doth know,
 Each touch itself a monument of woe ;
 Or are we captive to an ancient name ?
 Time's periods move with still increasing
 might
 Of reverence, for the man whose cunning hand,
 Direct from his soul's impulse, opened sight
 To blind imaginations, whose command
 Removed the hanging veil of Day and Night,
 Where Death and Time are vanquished from
 the land.

Athenæum.

J. W. INCHBOLD.

* The sketch for the "Last Judgment" is (or was till recently) there.

From The Westminster Review.

POPULAR BUDDHISM ACCORDING TO THE CHINESE CANON.*

IN the year 1875 there was delivered, at the library of the India Office in London, a collection of books in seven large boxes, carefully packed in lead, with padding of dry rushes and grass. The books are the Buddhist Tripitaka, in Chinese characters, with Japanese notations, issued in Japan, with an imperial preface, in the years 1681-1683 A.D. The entire series of two thousand volumes is contained in one hundred and three cases or covers. When placed in the library, they required eleven shelves of ten feet in length. This was the magnificent gift of the Japanese government to England, made on the suggestion of the ambassador who had recently visited Europe. He had doubtless been struck by the anomaly between the intense desire of the English to convert the heathen, and their profound ignorance of all religions except their own, and especially of the one which most closely resembles it, the state religion of his own country, Buddhism. Mr. Beal and Dr. Rost requested him to solicit the gift. No more appropriate gift could have been sent; and the secretary of state directed the Rev. Samuel Beal, professor of Chinese in the University of London, to prepare a "compendious report of the Buddhist Tripitaka." The result of his labors is the catalogue *raisonné* now before us. Professor Beal is well known as one of the first Buddhist scholars in Europe, and he had already reported upon the Chinese books in the library of the India Office.

The importance of the Chinese copy of the Buddhist canonical scriptures lies in the fact that it was commenced in the first century A.D. The translation was made

from the Sanskrit, or from some Indian vernacular, by early Buddhist missionaries from India to China.

Like Socrates and other great religious teachers, Buddha taught only by word of mouth. Immediately after his death his disciples assembled in conclave to recall and commit to memory the words of the master. These "words" were, like the Vedas, handed down from disciple to disciple, until they were finally committed to writing.* They were divided into three parts, or *baskets*, Tri-pitaka: (1.) Doctrinal and practical discourses; (2.) Ecclesiastical discipline for the religious orders; (3.) Metaphysics and philosophy. So long as the words of Buddha were handed down by oral tradition, there was danger of heresies and false teaching; therefore, about the year 246 B.C., King Asoka, who stood to Buddhism in a relation similar to that of the emperor Constantine to Christianity, summoned a council to fix the canon. This council was to India what the Council of Nice became to Europe. The assembled fathers, who numbered a thousand, received the excellent advice from the king, that they should seek only for the words of the master himself, for "that which is spoken by the blessed Buddha, and that alone, is well spoken." The canon drawn up by this council is the one accepted by the southern Buddhists of Ceylon, Siam, and Burmah. None of the Pitakas can be traced back with certainty to an earlier date, although they contain matter which is much older. The northern canon, which is somewhat larger than the southern, was fixed at a council held in Kashmeer about the commencement of the Christian era. The Chinese is translated from this northern canon; and many of the monasteries in China contain complete copies of the scriptures in the vernacular, and also of the Sanskrit originals from which the Chinese version was made. Great impetus to the work of translation was given by the influx of Buddhist missionaries on the conversion of the Chinese monarch in the middle of

* 1. *The Buddhist Tripitaka as it is known in China and Japan*. A Catalogue and Compendious Report. By SAMUEL BEAL. Printed for the India Office. 1876.

2. *A Letter to Dr. R. Rost, Librarian, India Office, London*. By SAMUEL BEAL. Printed for the India Office. 1874.

3. *A Catena of Buddhist Scriptures from the Chinese*. By S. BEAL. Trübner. 1871.

4. *The Romantic History of Buddha from the Chinese-Sanskrit*. By S. BEAL. Trübner. 1875.

* Vassilief thinks that writing was not known in India until long after Buddha's death. "*Der Buddhismus*," 1860.

the first century of our era.* Thus, at the very time when Christianity was being carried westward into Europe by St. Paul and his companions, Buddhism was being carried eastward into China by missionaries no less courageous and zealous for the faith which they believed.

As Buddha did not claim any revelation, so the canon stands alone among the sacred scriptures of the world in not assuming any special inspiration for its contents: "For the attainment of those previously unknown doctrines, the eye, the knowledge, the wisdom, and the light were developed within me."

We propose to carry out the good intentions of the Japanese ambassador by giving an account of the life and teaching of Buddha as it is accepted by the popular Buddhist mind, apart from the metaphysical speculations of the philosophical schools in the scholastic and mystic periods.

I. *The Personality.* — In the fifth century, B.C., there arose in the civilized world the remarkable intellectual movement of which Pythagoras is the representative in Europe, Zoroaster in Persia, Buddha in India, Confucius in China. Buddha is more fortunate than the others in having bequeathed to the world not only words of wisdom, as did they, but also the example of a life in which the loftiest morality was softened and beautified by unbounded charity and devotion to the good of his fellow-men. His walk through life was along "the path whose entrance is purity, whose goal is love." The personality of the Buddha is still a living power in the world, and by its exquisite beauty it attracts the heart and affection of more than one-third of the human race.

Buddha is not, strictly speaking, the name of a man. The word means "the Enlightened," and is the title applied to a succession of men whose wisdom has enlightened mankind. It has, however, become identified with the founder of Buddhism, Gautama. Buddhists think it irreverent to say the word "Gautama," so they speak of him as the Buddha, Sakya-

muni, "the sage of the Sakyas,"* "the lion of the tribe of Sakya," "the king of righteousness," "the blessed one." Gautama, then, is the Buddha, and his followers have been called Buddhists from the characteristic feature of the founder's office — he who enlightens mankind. Gautama claimed to be nothing more than a link in the chain of Buddhas who had preceded and who should follow him.† This modest claim is characteristic of great reformers: Confucius said, "I only hand on, I cannot create new things; I believe in the ancients." Mohammed claimed to return to the creed of Abraham, "the Friend." Nevertheless, the glory of a religion belongs to the founder, not to his predecessors nor his successors, he it is who makes all things new; and therefore it is to the life and teaching of Gautama that we must look for the main-spring of the religion. Buddha is one of the few founders of religion who did not claim a special revelation or inspiration: "I have heard these truths from no one," he said; "they are all self-revealed, they spring only from within myself." And he believed them to be true for all time: "The heavens may fall to earth, the earth become dust, the mountains may be removed, but my word cannot fail or be false."

Buddha commenced his preaching at the city of Benares on the banks of the Ganges, where Brahmanism was the religion of the mass of the people. He was a reformer. His reformation bears to Brahmanism the relation which Protestantism bears to Roman Catholicism, rather than that which Christianity does to Judaism, though it may be doubted whether a schism actually took place during Buddha's lifetime. It was primarily a protest against the sacrificial and sacerdotal system of the Brahmins; it rejected all bloody sacrifice, together with the priesthood and social caste so essentially bound up with them.

* *Sakya* = the able ones: "These princes are able to found a kingdom and to govern it. Hence the name Sakya" ("Rom. Hist." 23). *Muni* comes from *man*, to think; hence the thinker, the sage, the monk. Gautama is still the family name of the Rajput chiefs of Nagara, where Buddha was born.

† Traditional sayings of former Buddhas are translated in Beal's "Catena," pp. 158, 159.

† Ramusat, "Foe-koue-ki," p. 41; Beal, "Fahian," pp. 20-22.

The logical consequence of animal sacrifice he admirably showed in the words: "If a man, in worshipping the gods, sacrifices a sheep, and so does well, why should he not kill his child, his relations, or his dearest friend, in worshipping the gods, and so do better?" But while Buddhism was opposed to sacerdotalism, it was in close alliance with the teaching of the philosophers, for all its main positions may be traced to their origin in the teaching of the philosophical schools of India.* Buddha states and accepts the high aim of these schools: "All the different systems of philosophy are designed to one end—to overthrow the strongholds of sin." He endeavored to popularize this end of the philosophy of the day, and to bring it within the comprehension of the poorest and most outcast of the people. Indeed, one secret of his success lay in the fact that he preached to the poor as well as to the rich, and that the common people heard him gladly.

11. *The Birth and Early Manhood.*—The birth of Buddha† is veiled in a myth, the outward objective expression of the inner subjective idea, which is the ethical centre of his religion,—unbounded self-sacrifice and tenderest compassion for mankind. The scriptures say that Buddha, having by the law of evolution passed through the various stages of existence, at length attained the perfection of being in the highest of the heavens. It was not necessary for him to be again re-born; he was prepared to pass into the rest and repose of *nirvāna*. Nevertheless, "he was so moved by the wretched condition of mankind and all sentient creatures, that by the force of his exceeding love"‡ he took upon him the form of man once more, in order that he might "save the world" by teaching them the way to escape from their wretchedness, and attain that perfection to which he had attained, and enjoy the rest and repose of *nirvāna*. "I am now," he said, "about to assume a body, to descend and be born among men,

to give peace and rest to all flesh, and to remove all sorrows and grief from the world."* He chose as his earthly mother the wife of the king of Kapilavastu, named Māyā, who was henceforth known as the "holy mother Māyā." He was her first and only son.† In an account of his incarnation contained in a Chinese translation made in the year 194 A.D., this event is literally translated: "The Holy Ghost descended into the womb."‡ The purity of Māyā is described in a very beautiful *sutra*:—

As the lotus springs unsullied from the water,
So was thy body pure and spotless in the womb.

What joy and delight was it to thy mother,
Desiring no carnal joys, but rejoicing only in the law,

Walking in perfect purity, with no stain of sin, etc., etc.§

The "incarnation scene" is frequently met with in the Buddhist sculptures at Sanchi and Amravati, which are about the date of the Christian era. Around this myth there have gathered a string of legends which bear a striking resemblance, and a no less striking difference, both to the Gospel history and the Apocryphal Gospels. On the day of the child's birth the heavens shone with divine light, and the earth shook withal, while angelic hosts sang, "To-day Buddha is born on earth, to give joy and peace, to give light to those in darkness, and sight to the eyes of the blind." The light shone because Buddha should hereafter enlighten the darkness of men's minds, the earth shook withal because he should shake the powers of evil which afflict the world. An aged hermit of the Himalayas is divinely guided to the spot where the young child lay in the arms of Māyā, his mother, and placing his venerable head under the tiny

* Rom. Hist., p. 33.

† St. Jerome says: "It is handed down as a tradition among the Gymnosophists of India, that Buddha, the founder of their system, was brought forth by a virgin from her side."—Cont. Jovian, i.

‡ "Catalogue of Buddhist Tripitaka," in the Indian Office, 1878, pp. 115, 116.

§ "Romantic History of Buddha," p. 275, a Chinese translation from the Sanskrit, made in the year 69 or 70 A.D. "We may therefore safely suppose," says Mr. Beal, "that the original work was in circulation in India for some time previous to that date."—Introduct. vi.

* Prof. Monier Williams gives a popular sketch of these philosophical systems in "Indian Wisdom."

† M. Senart has investigated the story as a solar myth in his "*Essai sur la légende du Bouddha, son Caractère et ses Origines*," Paris, 1876.

‡ Catena, pp. 15, 130.

feet of the infant,* spoke of him as the "deliverer of sin and sorrow, and death." Weeping, he repeated the following canticle:—

Alas, I am old and stricken in years;
The time of my departure is at hand;
I rejoice and yet I am sad.
The misery and the wretchedness of man shall disappear,
And at his bidding peace and joy shall everywhere flourish.

And he added: "Alas! while others shall find deliverance for their sins, and arrive at perfect wisdom through the preaching of the child, I shall not be found among them." The princes of the tribe of Sakya brought rare and costly gifts and presented them to the child; but the brightness of his person outshone the lustre of the jewels, and a voice from heaven proclaimed:

In comparison with the fulness of true religion
The brightness of gems is as nothing.

The neighboring king of Maghadha is advised to send an army to destroy the child who is to become a universal monarch; but he answers: "Not so, if the child become a holy man and wield a righteous sceptre, then it is fitting for me to reverence and obey him, and we shall enjoy peace and safety under his rule. If he become a Buddha, and his love and compassion leads him to save and deliver all flesh, then we ought to listen to his teaching, and become his disciples." He astonished his teachers when he entered the schools of letters and of arms: they said, "Surely this is the instructor of gods and men, who condescends to seek for a master!" He simply said, "It is well; I am self-taught."† This is the only record of his youth until his twenty-ninth year, when he was converted.

It is difficult to assign any definite date to those legends. "All evidence tends to prove that they are earlier than the Christian era."‡ There is little doubt, however, that they arose after the death of Buddha; because he would have rejected all such appeals to the miraculous. Buddha never refers to them,§ and when some enthusiasts sought a sign from him to convince

the people, he answered, "The miracle my disciples should show is to hide their good deeds and confess their faults."* The chief are sculptured on the rails of the tope at Sanchi, which is a sort of Buddhist picture-Bible carved in stone.†

These legends are of comparatively small value, for they add nothing to the glory of the man's life, which, after his "conversion," became a life of the loftiest moral perfection and the noblest self-devotion to the good of others. Born the son of a king, he was brought up in all the luxury of an Oriental court. From this epicurean life he was converted by three sights—an old man tottering under the weight of his years, a young man tossing in the raging heat of fever, and a corpse lying exposed by the roadside. These sights made him reflect that though he were now young and vigorous, yet he, too, was liable to the sorrows of old age, disease, and death.

While he pondered in his heart over these things, he saw a holy mendicant with the placid expression of a disciplined spirit who had renounced all pleasures and had attained to perfect calm. He asked who the holy man might be, and was told: "Great prince! this man constantly practises virtue and flees vice; he gives himself to chastity, and restrains his appetites and desires; he is at peace with all men; and, so far as he can, he does good to all, and is full of sympathy for all."

These sights depressed his spirits, and he sought for means to escape from such sorrows, if, indeed, they were not irrevocably fixed upon all men alike. Herodotus mentions a Thracian tribe who mourned when a child was born and rejoiced when any one died. The same sad aspect of life oppressed the mind of the young prince. His sadness was no selfish desire of escape from his own troubles; it arose from intense sympathy with the sorrows of others. As he walked about the palace, men heard him repeat: "Nothing on earth is stable, nothing is real. Life is passing as a spark of fire or the sound of a lute. There must be a Supreme Intelligence wherein we can rest. If I attained it, I could then bring light to men. If I were free myself, I could deliver the world."

This thought of the salvation of mankind and the deliverance of the world became the dominant aim of his life. On

* In Spier's "Ancient India" there is a drawing from the Cave of Ajanta, which represents the old man with the infant Buddha in his arms (p. 248).

† Cf. Apoc. Epistle of Thomas vi., Pseudo-Matthew xxx. xxxi. The same legend reappears in the biography of Nanak, founder of the Sikh religion (1469 A.D.). The "Adi Granth," p. 602. Printed for India Office, 1877.

‡ Deal's "Rom. Hist." ix.

§ Christ never refers to the events recorded in St. Matthew and St. Luke i. and ii.

* So Mohammed's reply: "My Lord be praised! am I more than a man sent as an apostle? . . . Angels do not commonly walk the earth, or God would have sent an angel to preach his truth to you."

† Fergusson's "Tree and Serpent Worship," p. 182.

the birth of his first-born son, the people flocked joyfully to the palace gates; but the sight almost moved him to tears: "All these people are without the means of salvation, without any hope of deliverance, constantly tossed on the sea of life and death, old age and disease; with no fear or care about their unhappy condition, with no one to guide or instruct them; ever wandering in the dark, and unable to escape. Thinking thus, his heart was moved with love, and he felt himself strengthened in his resolution to provide some sure ground for the salvation of the world." In the night watches he hears a voice calling him: "A man whose own body is bound with fetters, and who yet desires to release others from their bonds, is like a blind man who undertakes to lead the blind." In the daytime the songs of the singing-girls seemed to say: "Quit the world, prepare thy heart for supreme wisdom; . . . thy time is come, it behoveth thee to leave house and home." He again hears the divine voice —

Whatever miseries of life or death are in the world,
The Great Physician is able to cure all.

It is in vain that his father tries to dissuade him; he replies: "Your Majesty cannot prevail against my resolve; for what is it? Shall a man attempt to prevent another escaping from a burning house?" At length his resolution is taken: "I will go; the time is come to seek the highest law of life."*

Very touching is the account of the temptations of the young prince. When his child was born he said, "This is a new tie, yet it must be broken." At midnight he seeks the chamber where lay his wife; he pauses in the doorway — their first-born lay upon her breast. He fears to take the infant in his arms lest he should wake the mother. He tears himself away, vowing that he will return not as husband and father, but as teacher and saviour. He rides forth to the city gate; here Māra, the evil one, meets him, and now by threats, now by the offer of the "kingdoms of the world" for his empire, seeks to turn him from his resolution. "A thousand honors such as those you offer have no charm for me to-day. I seek enlightenment. Therefore begone, hinder me not."

Riding far enough from the city to baffle pursuit, he turns to take one farewell

* The "fulness of the time" is marked by the conjunction of a certain star with the moon.

look; he then dismounts, strips himself of his princely robe, and putting on a mendicant's dress, takes an alms-bowl* to beg his daily bread, and determines henceforth to be known by no other name than the recluse of the Sakyas, Sakyamuni.

Many were the temptations which now beset him; for "as a shadow follows the body, so did Māra follow the blessed one, striving to throw every obstacle in his way towards the Buddhahood." The nausea of the mendicant's food, the recollections of the affection, the home, the kingdom he had renounced, tried him sorely. His father sent to entreat him to return to him, to his wife and child; he answered, "I know my father's great love for me, but then I tremble to think of the miseries of old age, disease, and death, which shall soon destroy this body. I desire above all things to find a way of deliverance from these evils; and therefore I have left my home and kinsfolk to seek after the complete possession of supreme wisdom. A wise man regards his friends as fellow-travellers, each one going along the same road, yet soon to be separated as each goes to his own place. If you speak of a fit time and an unfit time to become a recluse, my answer is, that death knows nothing of one time or another, but is busy gathering his victims at all times. I wish to escape from old age, disease, and death, and have no leisure to consider whether this be the right time or not." The beauty of his person and the wisdom of his mind induced a neighboring king to offer him a share in his kingdom; "I seek not an earthly kingdom," he replied; "I seek to become enlightened."

To attain this enlightenment, he first studied under the Brahmans, but he soon found that they and the Vedas could not help him. He next joined some hermits in the jungle, and underwent such austerities that, while his body became "worn

* The legend of Buddha's alms-bowl migrated to Europe as the legend of the Sanc Greal. Fa-hian, pp. 162-164. "*Mémoires sur les Contrées Occidentales*," by Hsiuen-Thsang, A.D. 648. Stanislas Julien, i. 81. Fa-hian was told that when men became very bad, the alms-bowl should disappear, and then the law of Buddha would gradually perish. Hsiuen-Thsang caught a glimpse of it in a cave: "Suddenly there appeared on the east wall a halo of light, large as an alms-bowl, but it vanished instantly. Again it appeared and vanished." Both these characteristics of the legend are unconsciously preserved by Mr. Tennyson in his "Legend of the Holy Grail:" —

"What is it?
The phantom of a cup that comes and goes.
... If a man
Could touch or see it, he was healed at once
By faith of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil, that the holy cup
Was caught away to heaven and disappeared."

and haggard," his fame as an ascetic "spread abroad like the sound of a great bell hung in the canopy of the sky." But after six years' trial, he found that the road to enlightenment did not lie through asceticism. Therefore he abandoned it, and enunciated one of the fundamental truths of his system, "Moderation in all things." He had tried the two extremes of luxury and asceticism; true enlightenment was not to be found in either. Then he learned that "like as the man who would discourse sweet music must tune the strings of his instrument to the medium point of tension, so he who would arrive at the condition of Buddha must exercise himself in the medium course of discipline."*

Once more he went begging through the villages. At length the day of enlightenment came, as he was seated one evening under a tree, which for many centuries afterwards became the most interesting object of the pilgrim's pilgrimage.† The temptation which preceded that supreme moment is most touching. A peasant woman led her little child by the hand to offer food to the holy man. The sight carried back his thoughts to the home he had left. The love of wife and child, the wealth and power of place, came upon him with a force overwhelmingly attractive. It was a sore temptation.‡ He agonized in doubt. But as the sun set, the religious side of his nature won the victory; he came forth purified in the struggle; he abandoned all — wife, child, home, princely power — in order to win deliverance for mankind: "I vow from this moment to deliver the world from the thralldom of death and of the evil one. I will procure the salvation of all men, and lead them across to the other shore." The supernatural side of this struggle is described with all the wealth of oriental imagery. Māra § with his daughters and angels alternately rage against and caress him; all nature is convulsed at the conflict "between the saviour of the world and

the prince of evil;" the earth shakes as she only does when a man's virtue reaches perfection or is utterly lost. The Buddhist description bears a striking resemblance to the passage in "Paradise Regained" in which the "patient Son of God" was tempted in the wilderness, and sat "unappalled in calm and sinless peace."* Buddha sat "unmoved from his fixed purpose, firm as Mount Sumeru," until Māra, having exhausted all his powers, fell at his feet, in terror; and the cry went through the worlds of heaven and hell, "Māra is overcome, the prince is conqueror." Then Buddha's mind was enlightened, and he saw the way of salvation for all living creatures.

From out the darkness and gloomy night of the world,
The gross darkness and ignorance that envelop mankind,
This Holy One, having attained the perfection of wisdom,
Shall cause to appear the brightness and glory of his own light.

The tree beneath which Buddha attained enlightenment and the Buddhahip has become to his followers a symbol as expressive of their faith as is the cross to the Christian. The victory won beneath that tree has brightened, and to this day brightens, the lives of more men and women than does any other victory in the history of the world; for out of the thousand million inhabitants which it is computed people this earth, four hundred and fifty million are Buddhists. On that day heaven and earth sang together for joy, flowers fell around the holy one; "there ceased to be ill-feeling or hatred in the hearts of men; all wants of food and drink and clothing were supplied; the blind saw, the deaf heard, the dumb spake; the prisoners in the lower worlds were released; and all living creatures found rest and peace."†

III. *The Enlightenment.* — What was the enlightenment which made the young prince the enlightened one, the Buddha, who should enlighten the world? It was *the way* by which men should escape from the sorrows of old age, disease, and death. The way was contained in the four sublime truths, or noble truths, proclaimed in his first sermon, the sutra of "The Foundation of Righteousness." These truths are, (1) sorrow exists; (2) sorrow increases and accumulates through

* Cf. the philosophical position of the Hebrew preacher: "Be not wise overmuch; be not foolish overmuch; be not righteous overmuch; be not wicked overmuch" (Eccles. vii. 16, 17).

† Asoka's daughter brought to Ceylon in 245 B.C. a branch of this tree (*Ficus religiosa*). The branch grew, and is now "the oldest historical tree in the world." Its history is preserved in a series of continuous chronicles, which are brought together by Sir Emerson Tennent, "Ceylon," vol. ii., pp. 613 sq. Fergusson, "Tree and Serpent Worship," p. 56.

‡ The temptation scene is figured on the middle beam of the northern gateway at Sanchi. Frontispiece to "Tree and Serpent Worship."

§ "Māra est le démon de l'amour, du péché et de la mort; c'est le tentateur et l'ennemi du Buddha." — Burnouf, *Introd.* 76. Māra, as the night-mare, still torments English people.

* Mr. Rhys Davids has worked out the parallel in "Buddhism," S.P.C.K. Ed.

† Kom. Hist., p. 225.

desires and cravings after objects of sense; (3) sorrow may be destroyed by entering on the "four paths;" (4) the four paths are perfect faith, perfect thought, perfect speech, perfect deed.* These paths lead to the rest and repose of nirvāna.

Thus Buddha taught that it is through perfection of life that men attain enlightenment and knowledge. "Not study," he said, "not asceticism, but the purification of the mind from all unholy desires and passions,"—a position we may place side by side with the words of Christ: "If any man willeth to do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine." The perfection of goodness, bringing with it the perfection of wisdom, Buddha taught as the end and aim of our existence. When man has attained this perfection, his soul is freed from all slavery to the objects of sense, and as there is therefore no longer any need for him to be re-born, he passes into the rest and repose of nirvāna, which is the perfection of being.

This religion of perfection Buddha based upon the cornerstones of self-conquest and self-sacrifice. Self-conquest is developed by the observance of the five commandments: "Thou shalt do no murder; Thou shalt not commit adultery; Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not lie; † Thou shalt not become intoxicated." The man who keeps these commandments orders his conduct aright, and "remains like the broad earth, unvexed; like the pillar of the city gate, unmoved; like the tranquil lake, unruffled." ‡ Self-sacrifice is to be shown by an unbounded charity, and a devotion to the good of others which rises to an enthusiasm for humanity.

The motive for this self-conquest and self sacrifice was, that by their development to perfection of character they would enable men to escape from the sorrows and miseries of life. This motive appealed to the common sense of mankind, for Buddha taught that every thought, word, and deed bear their own consequences. Goodness is rewarded, badness is punished, in the way of natural conse-

quence; and these consequences continue through countless births and re-births on earth, in heaven, in hell. We are now reaping, in this present stage of our existence, the natural harvest of the seeds of good or evil sown by us in previous stages; we shall in the future reap the harvest of the sowing in the present. Whatever a man hath sown he is now reaping; whatever a man is now sowing, that shall he also hereafter reap. We are that which we have made ourselves in the past; we *shall be* that which we are now making ourselves. A man is born blind because in a previous stage of existence he indulged in the lust of the eye; a man has quick hearing, because in a previous stage he loved to listen to the reading of the law. Each new birth is conditioned by the *karma*—the aggregation of the merit and the demerit of previous births—the conduct of life.

A man once asked the master, "From some cause or other mankind receives existence; but there are some persons who are exalted, others who are mean; some who die young, others who live to a great age; some who suffer from various diseases, some who have no sickness until they die; some who are of the lowest caste, some who are of the highest; what is the cause of these differences?" To this Buddha replied: "All sentient beings have their own individual karma. . . . Karma comes by inheritance from previous births. Karma is the cause of all good and evil. It is the difference in the karma which causes the difference in the lot of men, so that some men are low and some exalted, some are miserable and some are happy. A good action well done, a bad action wickedly done, when they reach maturity, equally bear inevitable fruit."* The master himself had obtained the Buddhahip by the same law, "by the meritorious karma of previous births." Step by step had he won his way; born as a bird, as a stag, as an elephant, through each successive stage of human rank and condition by continued births had he at last reached the highest elevation of purity and self-sacrifice; and now he has come into the world the saviour of mankind, to teach them the way by which they might all attain to the same perfection.

* Nanak, the founder of the Sikh religion (1469-1538 A.D.), taught that nirvāna was to be reached by the four paths of (1) extinction of individuality, (2) disregard of ceremonies, (3) conversion of foes into friends, (4) the knowledge of good. "The Adi Granth, or the Holy Scriptures of the Sikhs," by Trumpp; Trübner, 1877.

† The absolute necessity of truthfulness is constantly enforced. Buddha once said to Māra, "O Māra! I am born a Kshatriya, and therefore I scorn to lie." This oath of the Kshatriya is the origin of "the word of honor" in chivalry. "Rom. Hist," 222, n.

‡ Dhap., xc.-xcvi.

* Hardy's "Manual of Buddhism," pp. 445, 446. The Jews believed in the pre-existence of souls (St. John ix. 2); see Lightfoot's "Exercit. Talmud" on this passage; Alger's "Critical History of a Future Life," New York, 1867, for the history of the subject. There is an interesting passage on pre-existence in Lessing's "*Die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts*," which is pure Buddhism.

Of the first origin of things, of the first birth, Buddha knew nothing. "When he was asked whether the existence of the world is eternal or non-eternal, he made no reply," because he considered such inquiries of no profit. He starts from the material world and the conscious beings in it. Here he finds all things changing by the law of cause and effect; nothing continues in one stage. Then this reflection came into his mind. Birth exists, and is the cause of decay, disease, and death. Therefore, destroy birth, and the effects of birth are destroyed likewise; and this world, which is but a mass of sorrows culminating in decay and death, will be annihilated.

As of the beginning of existence, so of the end of existence Buddha knows nothing. He traces the progress of the human being as it develops towards perfection through a series of ever-ascending heavens, until the last and final heaven is attained. Gradually, by a series of steps, has all imperfection been purified, and man has become perfect, so far as the mind of man can conceive of perfection. And when made perfect, there is no further need for it to be re-born, because no more births could make it more humanly perfect than it is. Therefore it passes into the rest and repose of nirvāna, that transcendental stage of being which overpasses the horizon of man's conception. What the nature of that state may be Buddha knows not — it is nirvāna. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man." * Beautifully is it described as "the eternal place of bliss, where there is no more, sorrow, no more disease, nor old age, nor death." It is the "home of peace," "the other shore of the ocean of existence," the "shore of salvation," the "harbor of refuge," the "medicine of all evils." The rest and repose of nirvāna may be obtained on earth by the man who attains the ideal holiness. Indeed, Mr. Rhys Davids proposes to translate nirvāna by the word "holiness — holiness, that is, in the Buddhist sense, *perfect peace, goodness, and wisdom*." † Some people, not in harmony with the mind of Buddha, have spoken of nirvāna as though it meant annihilation. But there is no thought of annihilation in the mind of the founder who said, "I devote myself wholly to moral culture, so as to arrive at the highest condition of moral rest, Nir-

vāna." * There can be no thought of the loss of personal being in the place whose four characteristics are "personality, purity, happiness, eternity." †

Indeed, the controversy between the Confucians and the Buddhists in China turns upon the belief in a future life as a motive for virtue, as may be seen from the biographical section of the history of the Sung dynasty: "The instructions of Confucius include only a single life; they do not reach to the future state, with its illimitable results. His only motive to virtue is the happiness of posterity. The only consequence of vice he names is present suffering. The reward of the good does not go beyond worldly honors. The aims of Buddha, on the other hand, are illimitable. His religion removes care from the heart, and saves men from all danger. Its one sentiment is mercy seeking to save. It speaks of hell to deter from sin; it points to heaven that men may desire its happiness. It exhibits the nirvāna as the spirit's final refuge, and tells us of a body (*dharmakāya*) to be possessed under other conditions, long after the present body has passed away." ‡

Thus Buddha taught that the aim of life is perfection, and that rest and repose can only be found in the perfection of the moral and spiritual being. How closely this coincides with the teaching of Christ on this point five hundred years later, will appear from the words, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," — *τέλειοι*, complete, all-embracing, godlike in your charity and love to others, like the Father, who sendeth his rain and maketh his sun to shine both on the evil and the good. Again, "He that is perfect shall be as his master," — *κατηρτισμένος*, fully instructed, well-conditioned, knowing his duty and doing it. § So also St. Paul urges men to arrive at the "perfect man" (*εἰς ἄνδρα τέλειον*), "to the measure of the stature of Christ's fulness."

It is quite true that Buddha did not give as the standard of ideal perfection "our Father in the heavens," that most touching name by which the early Aryan clan spoke of God, and which reappears in the lan-

* Catena, p. 183.

† Letter, Dr. Rost, p. i.

‡ "Travels of Fa-hian," introd., p. xxvi. "If we look in the Dhammapada," says Prof. Max Müller, "at every passage where nirvāna is mentioned, there is not one that would require that its meaning should be annihilation; while most, if not all, would become perfectly unintelligible if we assigned to the word nirvāna that meaning." — Buddhaghosha, p. 41.

§ The Buddhistic spirit of this passage was pointed out to the writer by the veteran scholar, Mr. Bryant Hodgson.

* Cor. ii. 9.

† "Buddhism," p. 112; Childers' Pali Dict., "Nibbanam."

guage of their European descendants. Buddha, as a rationalist, knew nothing of a personal God, but only of his manifestation in the law of karma.

There are some who have described Buddhism as atheistic, but the mind which refuses to predicate attributes of God which it cannot prove is different from the mind which boldly asserts, "There is no God." It may be difficult to prove the existence of a personal God; it is not less difficult to prove his non-existence. Buddha neither asserted nor denied. Buddha is accused of atheism because he rejected Indra, Brahma, and the whole material pantheon; but the accusation comes with a bad grace from those who must know that the early Christians were called *atheoi*, because they refused to believe in Jupiter and the other divinities of Greece and Rome. Buddha had a very high conception of deity; but so far did he push the refinement of deity or the divine existence, that he not only eliminated from it all human conditions and relationships, but he thought that it must embrace all existence. In other words, nothing really exists but *it*, and phenomenal existence is really phenomenal. Therefore, the leading idea of his religion, when regarded as a rule of faith for shaping our lives and raising them to the ideal of the divine, is that we must not only get rid of all the imperfections included in the idea of ill-conduct, but also the limitations included in the idea of individual existence. This is not pantheism, but, if anything, transcendentalism—a conception of deity which transcends human thought.

The idea of a perfect life on earth Buddha taught not merely by word of mouth, but also by the moral purity and the lofty purpose of his character, and by his devotion to the good of his fellow-men. Every Buddhist believes that it was Buddha's "exceeding great love" which moved him with compassion for suffering humanity, and brought him back from heaven to earth to teach mankind the way of salvation. His enemies blamed his disciples for applauding his saying, "Let all the sins that have been committed fall upon me, in order that the world may be delivered." * This spirit of self-sacrifice we constantly find in his disciples. For instance, King Rantiveda, who endured hunger and thirst that he might relieve others, says, "I desire not from the Lord that highest destiny which is accomplished in the eight

perfections, neither do I ask to be exempted from future births. I seek to live with in all corporeal beings, and endure their pains, so that they may be freed from suffering." * The traditions show this self-sacrifice pushed to the point of extravagance, in stories of Buddha having, in previous stages of existence, given his body to a famished tigress to enable her to succor her young. "As a mother," he said, "even at the risk of her own life, protects her son, her only son, so let there be good-will without measure among all beings. Let unmeasured good-will—unhindered love and friendliness—prevail in the whole world, above, below, around. If a man remain in this state of mind at all times, then is brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Even in this world has holiness been found.'" One of the highest acts of charity is to pray to a Buddha "from a desire to save all living creatures." "Our object should be by personal profit to profit others." "It is because men seek their own profit that sorrows come upon them." "Love is the greatest of all things, and frees the man whose heart is full of it from all bonds of ignorance and sin." † "When a man abstains from evil, and experiences in his heart a feeling of universal charity and love, and desires to arrive at perfection in order that he may benefit others, and from no selfish desire, then, like dry wood, the fire may be easily kindled." Indeed, Buddha is described as "that great man who, unaided, works out salvation for the world." ‡

IV. *The Teacher.*—Buddha, having attained this enlightenment, shrank at first from the task of proclaiming it to the world. Men, weighed down by sorrow, oppressed by false teaching, would not be able to understand this law of enlightenment; had he not better remain a solitary hermit? As he thought thus, the divine voice of his better nature spoke: "Oh, do not act thus; be not silent, but, for the sake of man sunk in sin, declare thy law! Let thy love constrain thee to do so, let thy compassionate heart move thee to declare thy law; for though the world be wicked, yet are there many prepared to receive this message of love and to be converted, many who would otherwise perish. Let the world-honored one, therefore, resolve to preach the law for the good of others." Then by the power of his wisdom he beheld the various conditions

* Max Müller, "Ancient Sanskrit Literature," p. 80. A similar noble sentiment was expressed by Moses (Exod. xxxii. 32) and by St. Paul (Rom. ix. 3).

* Bhāgavata Purāna, ix. 21.

† Cf. the Hebrew proverb, "Love covereth all sin" (x. 12), quoted in 1 Peter iv. 8.

‡ Burnouf, "*Lotus de la Bonne Loi*," p. 332.

of men, in ignorance and in knowledge, like the lotus flowers in a tank, some emerging from the mud but not yet above the water, others above the water but not yet expanded, others just opening, waiting for his word to complete their development. Then his resolution was formed, and he said, "I am willing now to open the gate of immortality. If any will listen, let them come gladly; let them hearken as I declare the tidings of this law."

The first persons to whom he preached the kingdom of righteousness, or "turned the wheel of the law," were the five hermits who had been with him in the time of his penance, and who now dwelt in the Deer Park near Benares. Afterwards he went to preach in the city. An acquaintance met him on the road, and inquired whither he was going. "I am going to Benares," he answered, "to establish a kingdom of righteousness,* by giving light to those who are shrouded in darkness, and by opening to all men the gate of immortality." At Kapilavastu,† he offered salvation to his father: "My father, when a man has found a treasure, it is his duty to offer the most precious of his jewels to his father first. Do not delay; let me share with you the treasure I have found." His wife had fasted and wept during his absence; he went to her, for he said, "She is exceeding sorrowful. Unless her sorrow be allowed to take its course, her heart will break. She may embrace me. Do not stop her." But when she saw him enter, no longer the husband she remembered, but a recluse with shaven head and face, and in the yellow † robe, she fell at his feet, and held them, watering them, with her tears. Then, feeling how great was the distance between them, she rose and stood on one side. So they parted either from other, and in after years she became a Buddhist nun. His son came and asked for his inheritance. "The boy asks for an earthly inheritance which availeth nothing. I will give him a spiritual inheritance which fadeth not away. Let him be admitted among us."

Buddha preached to all men alike, but it was to the poor that his teaching came home with peculiar force; for he broke down the *caste* which degraded society; he taught them the way to escape from the sorrows of their daily life, and he held

out to them a brighter future, dependent upon their goodness and their charity. He showed his love and compassion for them by becoming a poor man himself, although born son of a king. The people were astonished: "Our young prince is gone mad!"* The priests were indignant that one not of their order should teach the people; they were still more indignant when they heard him announce that no one was of a caste too low and despised but that he could attain to the moral perfection and the enlightenment of Buddha himself. Ananda, his favorite disciple, meets a poor Chandala woman beside a well of water, and asks her for a drink. She tells him she is a Chandala,† an outcast; but he replied, "My sister, I ask not after thy caste and thy family, I only ask for a draught of water." She became a disciple. "Not by birth," said Buddha, "does one become a slave (*vasala*), not by birth does one become a Brahman; one becomes a slave by bad conduct, as one by good conduct becomes a Brahman." "Not by plaited hair or family shall one become a Brahman; for what avail thy plaited hair and garment of skins when within thee there is impurity, and the outside only thou makest clean. He who walks truthfully and righteously, he is the true Brahman."‡

No one was too unlearned. When Patismā, who could only learn one *gāthā*, attained supreme wisdom, men exclaimed, "How hath this man this wisdom?" Buddha replied, "Learning need not be much; conduct is the chief thing. Patismā has allowed the words of the *gāthā* to penetrate his spirit. . . . To explain one sentence of the law, and to walk according to it, this is the way to find supreme wisdom."§

No one was too poor to win Buddha's praise. He tells the story of a poor old woman who wished to offer him a gift. She had only two small coins (mites), so she spent them in buying a little oil, which she took to a sacred place, and burned it in a lamp to his honor. The lights of all the rich folk were extinguished, but hers burned on continually.¶ Poor people were able with a few flowers to fill his alms-

* Klaproth, Journ. As., vii. 181, qd. by Köppen.

* This is the translation proposed by Mr. Rhys Davids for the usual Buddhist phrase, "to turn the wheel of the law." — *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

† This color was first chosen as one of contempt, being the color of old cast-off rags of white cotton cloth; it soon became the sign of the highest honor (Dhapp. 9).

‡ The Chandalas were the outcasts of Indian society; they had no caste. When they entered a town or market-place, they struck a piece of wood to keep themselves separate. People hearing their sound, avoided touching or brushing against them.

§ Dhapp. 393, 394. "Young philosophers assume a cloak and grow a beard, and say, 'I am a philosopher.'" — Epictetus, iv. 8. Cf. 1 Pet. iii. 3, 4.

¶ Dhapp. xvi.

|| Beal's Letter to Rost, p. 7.

bowl, although there were rich men who could not fill it with many baskets of flowers.*

During the famine a certain Pratyeka Buddha got up early one morning, and putting on his robe, took his alms-dish in his hand, and entered the city of Benares, where he begged from door to door. He obtained nothing, so he went home again, washed his alms-bowl, and sat down. Now there was in Benares a certain poor man who had watched the holy man, and seen that he received nothing; so he went to him, and invited him to his house to share all that he had, which was just one measure of coarse cockle-seed. A servant girl, whose mistress had refused to relieve a dirty old man, ugly and graceless, begged her daily portion of meal, and gave it in charity to the man; "for," said she, "in holy men one does not look for comeliness of person, but for purity of heart."

But not only did he preach to the poor and the low-caste, he preached to the rich and the high-caste also, and gathered disciples from all ranks of society. To all he laid down as the characteristic of the "true disciple, the disciple indeed"—"He ministers to the worthy, does harm to none, gives honor to whom honor is due, loves righteousness and righteous conversation, rejoices in meditating on the law, reflects in his life the divine wisdom, practises self-discipline in order to lead a pure and chaste life, always does good to those around him." For one class, indeed, he made special provision—the hermits. Brahmanism had developed by its teaching men who retired from the world under vows of chastity and poverty. Buddha had himself tried their system, and it had failed to give rest and repose to his spiritual being. He now offered to those ascetics the way by which they might escape from the sorrows of life and find spiritual rest. The way of salvation was the same for all men, but for those who desired to live a higher life he provided special "counsels of perfection." Hence there sprang the elaborate conventual system which so keenly exercised the speculation of the early Jesuit missionaries, and which is so powerful to this day in Buddhist countries. The monastic order was bound by vows of celibacy and poverty; but those vows did not bring in themselves merit, they were only to be regarded as a help to the men and women who bound themselves by them. All

men and women were admitted without distinction of caste, and no one who was under age was received without the consent of their parents. They were not priests, for they neither offered sacrifice nor prayers. Originally they lived under trees, but they soon assembled in religious houses—the men in monasteries, the women in convents. Their time was spent in meditation, which is the effort of the "true self" to obtain freedom from the trammels of sense. "Cleansed from all personal defilement, the candidate," says Buddha, "comes out of the world, and is truly a homeless one—a disciple indeed." Henceforth he must give himself up to work and chastity, for "the man who has left home to become a *shaman*, and yet gives way to idleness and sloth, or whose mind hankers after impure indulgence, is like the rotten tree against which the wind blows, which can hardly resist its force, but is soon blown down."*

To this day the admission of a neophyte is one of the most imposing ceremonies of the Buddhist *culte*.†

The number of inmates in some of the monasteries at the present day is enormous. Huc and Gabet found four thousand at Kounboun. When Father Bury saw the Chinese bonze tonsured, using the rosary, praying in an unknown tongue, and kneeling before images, he said, "There is not a piece of dress, not a sacerdotal function, not a ceremony of the court of Rome, which the devil has not copied in this country;" and the young De Beauvoir says, "What struck me was the outward resemblance of the religious ceremonies of the temples to those of our own religion. A bonze, surrounded with clouds of incense, and dressed in a chasuble of red silk, officiated with great pomp."‡ The rock-cut Buddhist temples of India, which date two hundred years before our era, have a nave, side aisles, and an apse round which the aisle is carried, resembling in form the early Christian churches. The rock-cut monasteries are also earlier in date than the Christian; there are between seven and eight hundred in India, dating from 200 B.C., to 500 A.D.

The wife of Buddha and their son were among the first admissions into the con-

* Dhap. xxxiv.

† The rules of the order are translated in Beal's "Catena," p. 240. The initiation is described by Rhys Davids in "Buddhism," p. 161. The two hundred and fifty monastic rules were translated into Chinese from the Sanskrit about 70 A.D., and are therefore anterior to Christian monasticism ("Catena," p. 189).

‡ Voyage, Japan, p. 151.

* Travels of Fa-hian, p. 38.

ventual orders; others quickly followed. We read of a young man whom Buddha called: "Follow me, Yasa." The youth passed on; but by night he returned secretly, and was so won over by the loving character of the master, that he became his disciple. He ordained fifty-four of Yasa's friends with the formula, "Follow me." One day a rich young man came to Buddha clothed in costly garments and riding in a sumptuous chariot; he wished to become a disciple. Buddha, looking on him, bid him return home and selling all that he had, bestow his wealth in charity, so as to fit himself to become a disciple.* Some joyous youths, looking in a wood for a dancing-girl, who had left them after a night's debauch, lighted on Buddha seated under a tree, and asked him if he had seen the girl; he answered, "Listen to me, O youths! I will ask you a question. Whether is it better, think you, to find yourselves, or to find the woman whom ye seek?" They replied, "It would certainly be better to find ourselves." Then Buddha invited them to sit down, and he taught them the way of salvation, and they became his disciples. He placed the highest ideal of purity before his disciples: "Say to yourself, 'I am placed in this sinful world; let me be the spotless lily, unsoiled by the mud in which it grows.' The heart is the busy contriver of lust; compose the heart, and those evil thoughts will all be still."

To all men Buddha taught the laws which ought to govern the life of man. We will mention a few of these.

One day Buddha found his disciples in fierce anger because the master had been reviled by a priest. Gently does he rebuke them: "Beloved! if others speak against me, or against the truth, be not displeased with them, or you will not be able to judge whether they speak truly or not."

There was no limit to the forgiveness of injuries. Among the parting words he spoke on the evening of his death are these: "If a man should do you such injury as to chop your body in pieces limb for limb, yet you ought to keep your heart in perfect control; no anger or resentment should affect you, nor a word of reproach escape your lips; for if you once give way to a bitter thought, you have erred from the right way." "To a man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him to me, the more good shall return from me to him." He explains to a young

nobleman named Chamah the four aspects under which patience exhibits itself in a son of Buddha: "When reviled, he revileth not again; when smitten, he bears the blow without resentment; when treated with anger and passion, he returns love and good-will; when threatened with death, he bears no malice." "Liberality, courtesy, kindness, and unselfishness are to society what the linch-pin is to the chariot."

He was singularly sympathetic, and could be touched by every tale of sorrow. The only child of a young mother died, and she carried the little cold body in her bosom, and going from house to house, entreated all she met to give her medicine to cure the child. Among others she met Buddha. "Lord and master," she said, "give me some medicine for my child." He bid her bring a handful of mustard from a house in which no child, parent, wife, husband, or slave, had died. She went to search; but she found that in every home death had entered; all said to her gently, "Lady, the living are few, the dead are many." Then at last, when she found no house free from death, the truth broke gently upon her. She laid down her baby boy and returned to Buddha, who, when he saw her, said, "You thought that you alone had lost a son; the law of death is among all living creatures; there is nothing that abides." She became his disciple.*

He set no limit to the power of faith. One day as Buddha was preaching by the side of a deep and rapid river, a man appeared on the other bank and walked across upon the surface of the water. The villagers, astonished, asked him by what power he did so marvellous a feat; he answered, "I asked the people on the other side if I might cross without a boat; they said, 'Yes, you can cross without fear;' then I walked over because I believed. Simple faith and nothing more enabled me to do so." Buddha said, "It is well spoken! well spoken! Faith like yours alone can save the world; such faith alone can enable men to walk across dryshod to the other shore." "Faith with obedience is the path of wisdom."†

"As flowers, when waved to and fro by the wind, scatter their scent far and wide, so wide is the renown of the accumulated

* Encyclopædia Britannica, Art. "Buddhism."

† Dhap. iv. The Dhammapada dates about 100 B.C.; it was translated into Chinese about 149 A.D., by An-shi-ko, a prince-royal of the Parthians (An-si), who left his kingdom, became a Buddhist monk, and went as a missionary to China.

merits of him who once is born and lives as he ought."

Buddha once sent Ananda to ask an old man of eighty years why he had pulled down his old house and built a larger one, when death was so near. The man gave his reason, and stated the purposes of his numerous chambers. Buddha said, "I have children and wealth," such is the constant thought of the fool. He is not even master of himself; what then are his children and his money? The fool who says he is wise is foolish indeed." On the old man returning to his dwelling he suddenly fell dead from a blow.*

He was very tender and loving towards children. A child one day came beside him as he sat at a feast, and covered himself over with his robe. The disciples wished to drive him away, but "the world-honored one forbade them, and said, 'Let him stay, and let him hide himself in my robes.'"

V. *The Missionaries.*—The salvation of all men was a new thought in the world. It necessitated another thought equally new, viz., the duty of preaching the way of salvation to the world. The spirit of the true missionary inspired the soul of Buddha. As soon as he had sixty disciples, he said to them, "There is laid on us, who know the truth and who have been thereby made free, the duty of giving mankind the priceless blessing of salvation; go ye and visit the towns and villages throughout the land, preach the excellent law, and teach men to believe in the triple gem, Buddha, the law, and the church. Go ye, prepare the way for my coming; I will retire for a time into solitude." "Two by two" he sent them forth, and bid them take "only one robe, and one alms-bowl," for they were vowed to poverty. Poverty was their bride, charity their sister. As an earlier Buddha, Wassabhu Tathagata, had said, "As the butterfly alights on the flower and destroys not its form or its sweetness, but sipping forthwith departs, so the mendicant follower of Buddha takes not nor hurts another's possessions."† When he was left alone Buddha reflected, "These disciples of mine are gone to convert the world. Delivered from sin and at peace, they can now deliver others." "I will not die until this holy religion becomes known to many people, and is grown great, and is universally published among men." He then went into the solitudes of Ura-vilva, and prepared himself by fasting and

meditation for the conversion of the fire-worshipper Kasyapa and his brothers. This missionary plan he carried out every year. In the rainy season he gathered round him his disciples for instruction, and in the dry season he sent them forth to preach the way of salvation and to make disciples.

The history of these missionaries is full of interest. The spirit that animated them may be gathered from the story of one who asked leave to preach to his relations. "The people of that place," said Buddha, "are exceedingly violent. If they revile you, what will you do?" "I will not revile again." "If they strike you?" "I will not strike in return." "If they try to kill you?" "Death is no evil in itself; I shall try neither to hasten nor to delay my departure." When threatened by an infuriated mob, one of the missionaries of later times confronted them with the words, "If the whole world were to come to terrify me, they could not cause me to be afraid." Then when he had persuaded the people to listen, he dismissed them with the simple words, "Do not hereafter give way to anger; do not destroy the crops, for all men love happiness. Show mercy to all living beings, and let men dwell in peace."‡ Missionary zeal carried on the work after Buddha's death, whose disciples went forth into all lands; and it received a great impulse after the Council of Asoka. The names of the missionaries mentioned by the chronicler are inscribed on the relics found at some of the stations.† The old chronicler closes his first chapter on missions with the words, "Who would demur, when the salvation of the world is at stake?"

The success of Buddhist missionaries is shown by the fact that after more than two thousand years "Buddism rules supreme in central, northern, eastern, and southern Asia, and it gradually absorbs whatever there is left of aboriginal heathenism in that vast and populous area."‡

VI. *Buddha's Death.*—When Buddha was eighty years of age, he felt death coming on. He lay down under some sal trees, and calling his favorite disciples round him, he conversed with them long and earnestly. "It was now the middle of the night," says the sutra; "all was perfectly quiet and still." For the sake of his disciples he gave a brief summary of the law. We will quote a few passages: "Beloved, after my death keep my word

* Dhap. xii.
† Catena, p. 159.

* Max Müller, "Chips," vol. iv., p. 257.
† Köppen, "Die Religion des Buddha," p. 188.
‡ Chips, vol. iv., p. 265.

with reverence, as the poor man the pearl of great price which he has found. . . . Keep the body temperate in all things. . . . By self-control and upright thought aim at emancipation. Conceal none of your faults, but confess them before the congregation. . . . Be content with such things as are allotted you. Keep your senses within bound, just as a shepherd with his crook prevents the sheep from straying into the neighboring pastures. . . . The heart is lord of the senses, govern therefore your heart well, for it is like a venomous snake, a wild beast, a cruel robber, a great fire. . . . Restrain therefore and keep in subjection your heart; let it not get the mastery. Above all things, let modesty govern every thought and every word of your daily life. It is characteristic of truly great men to keep the rules of moral restraint without wavering, and to exercise patience without tiring. Strive after wisdom, for it is a lamp shining in darkness, a medicine for all diseases, a hatchet to cut down the tree of sorrow, a strong and trustworthy boat to cross the sea of old age, disease, and death. Continual perseverance is like a little fire that keeps on burning, but he who tires in the practice of religion is like a fire that goes out. Never forget self-examination and meditation; for if you neglect them, all perseverance is at an end. In the practice of these you put on a helmet of defence, so that no sword can hurt you, and no enemy get the advantage over you. Think only of the words I have given you; meditate on them on the mountain-pass and in the depths of the valley, in the congregation and in the solitary cell. I, as the good physician, knowing the disease which affects you, give this as a medicine fit for the case; without this you die. Like the guide that knows the way, I direct you whither to go and what path to follow; without this you perish."

As Socrates in the "Phædo" * asks his friends if they have any doubts respecting the future life, so Buddha asks his disciples if they have doubts concerning the four noble truths which are the foundation of his teaching. They answer, that their only thought is "one of grief that the world-honored one is about to depart and enter nirvāna, just when we have entered on the practice of the law,—as in the night a flash of lightning lights up the way for the weary traveller and is gone, and he left to wander in the dark." He said, "Lament not my departure. If I

continued in the world it would do no good; those who were to be saved are saved; those who are not saved shall be saved by the seeds of truth I have sown. The word I have preached is everlasting and imperishable. The world is fast bound in fetters and oppressed with affliction; I now give it deliverance, a physician who brings heavenly wisdom." His favorite disciple, Ananda, here turned aside to weep.* "I am not yet perfect, and my master is passing away." Buddha called him: "O Ananda! do not weep, let not your heart be troubled. Sooner or later we must part from all we hold most dear."

Then to all his disciples: "When I have passed away, and am no longer with you in bodily presence, do not think that the Buddha has left you, and is not still in your midst. You have my words, my explanations of the deep things of truth, the laws I have laid down; let them be your guide—Buddha has not left you. Beloved! if you revere my memory, *love all the disciples as you love me*. Love my words. Beloved! keep your minds on these. All other things change, my word changeth not. I will speak no more with you. I desire to depart. I desire nirvāna. These are my last words with you." As the sun rose, the old man, calmly and unconsciously passed away." †

As at Buddha's birth the aged Asita laid his venerable head beneath the infant's feet, so at the funeral the "old and wrinkled" Kasyapa thrice perambulated the pyre, ‡ and said, "May I once more behold the sacred feet, and bow my head before them." §

Legends collect around the funeral, which was by cremation, after the "old rule of the wheel kings." None could move the sacred coffin, which rose by itself into the air; none could light the funeral pyre, which became self-enkindled. Then, in order that the relics of the sacred body might be preserved, Sakra, pouring water from the golden pitcher, extinguished the

* Cf. Phædo, 59, 117.

† "Sutra of Buddha's Dying Instructions," translated in Beal's Letter to Dr. Rost, p. 9; and Rhys Davids, Encycl. Brit.

‡ So at the funeral rites of Patrocles—

"Thrice in procession round the dead they drove
Their coursers sleek."—Il. xxiii. 13.

§ The last act towards a corpse among the Jews is for the friends to uncover the feet, and touching the two great toes, ask pardon for offences against them, and desire to be remembered in the other world. At the entombment of Pope Pius IX., the cardinals, in passing the body on their way to their seats in the chapel of the choir, each stopped for a moment and kissed his foot.

flames of the royal sandalwood pyre.* The relics, which were like a heap of pearls, shed around sweet perfume. Afterwards came gorgeous retinues of the princes carrying golden vessels for the relics, each emulous to raise precious chaityas over the remains.

The personal influence of Buddha while he lived, the enthusiasm for humanity with which he inspired his followers, the attractive beauty of character which he bequeathed "a rich legacy" to mankind, place him as the central figure of his religion. The result has been that he has been idealized until he is regarded as divine, and omniscient, and free from all sin. "There is no deity above him; he stands out alone, unrivalled, unequalled, and unapproachable."† Prayers are addressed to him, flowers and incense offered, and his relics are enshrined in stupas. Nevertheless, Gautama stands but as one in a long chain of Buddhas who have preceded him, and who will follow. His teaching was higher and nobler than the teaching of those who came before him; the teaching of the Buddhas who will in the course of the ages follow will be greater and more divine than was his. Therefore he bade men look forward to and hail their advent.‡ The next Buddha will be Maitreya, the Buddha of charity.§

It is difficult to fix the exact date of Buddha's death; it may have been as early as 477,|| or as late as 412 B.C.¶ Upon his death, Kasyapa claimed to be leader of the assembly, because Buddha had said to him, "Thou shalt wear my hempen robes." Therefore Kasyapa, fearing lest the words of Buddha should be forgotten, summoned an assembly of five hundred disciples; and the young Ananda, Buddha's beloved disciple, recited aloud the sutras. Missionaries carried the words abroad to all lands; the religion spread over India, and King Asoka made it the state religion of his dominions about the year 250 B.C. He promulgated decrees which remain to this day inscribed on stone pillars and cut in the living rock, enjoining morality and toleration, and justice and charity, on his subjects; commanding the foundation of hospitals; **

appointing a minister of religion, who should preserve the purity of the faith and protect the aborigines and subject nations, and a minister of education, who should promote the instruction of the women in the harems and elsewhere in the principles of the religion of Buddha. The son and daughter of Asoka introduced it into Ceylon, where it still retains its purity. Missionaries carried it into Kashmir in the first century, A.D., and into Burmah in the fifth century, and thence into Siam in the seventh century. In the golden age of India, the state religion was Buddhist. We catch glimpses of its influence in the travels of the Chinese pilgrims Fa-hian in 400 A.D., of Sung-yun, in 518, and of Hiouen-thsang in 629-648 A.D.* For a thousand years it maintained its supremacy. In the eighth or ninth century A.D., there seems to have been a reaction against it in favor of Brahmanism, and a persecution to have taken place, which was so thorough that there is now scarcely a Buddhist in India. In this it resembles the history of Christianity; the Aryan race from whose bosom it sprang cast it forth, and it became the religion of a race entirely different, the Turanian.

VII. Christians of all shades of opinion have spoken with reverence of Buddha. The Venetian Mareo Polo said, "Indeed had he been a Christian, he would have been a great saint of our Lord Jesus Christ, so good and pure was the life he led;" and he tells us how pilgrims came to Adam's Peak in Ceylon "from very long distances with great devotion, just as Christians go to the shrine of Messer Saint James in Galicia."† M. St. Hilaire says, "Je n'hésite pas à ajouter que, sauf le Christ tout seul, il n'est point, parmi les fondateurs de religion, de figure plus pure ni plus touchante que celle de Bouddha. Sa vie n'a point de tache. Son constant héroïsme égale sa conviction; et si la théorie qu'il préconise est fautive, les exemples personnels qu'il donne sont irréprochables. Il est le modèle achevé de toutes les vertus qu'il prêcha."‡ An Anglican clergyman, Mr. Baring Gould, bears witness that "the ethic code of Buddha can hardly be ranked lower than that of Christianity; and it is immeasurably superior to every heathen system that the world has ever seen."§

* *Mémoires sur les Contrées Occidentales*, by Hiouen-thsang, A.D. 648, St. Julien. Paris, 1857.

† Yule's ed., ii. 258. "He only is a pilgrim who goeth towards or towards the house of St. James, . . . who journey unto the holy house of Galicia." — Dante, *Vita Nuova*.

‡ *Le Bouddha et sa Religion*, introd. v.

§ Development of Christianity, i. 357.

* So Apollo sends a miraculous rain to preserve the body of Croesus. Herod., i. 84.

† "Analysis of Religious Belief," Lord Amberley, ii. 146.

‡ Cf. Phædo, 78; Alcibiades, ii.

§ Maitreya, possessed of love, (root *maitra*, love or charity). Fa-hian, p. 20 n.

¶ Max Müller, "Chips," i. 311.

¶ Rhys Davids' "Ancient Coins and Measures of Ceylon."

** Westminster Review, New Series, civ., p. 435.

But, most remarkable of all, is the fact that Buddha is a canonized saint of the Christian Church. St. John of Damascus in the eighth century wrote a religious romance, of which the narrative is taken from the "*Lalita Vistara*," the story of Buddha's life. It became very popular in the Middle Ages, and the hero was canonized. He has his festal days in the Roman communion on the 27th November, in the Eastern on 26th August, under the name of Josaphat, a corruption of Bodhisattva.*

In all times and in all places men have lived pure and holy lives, and have shown themselves Christians even "before Christ came in the flesh."† Buddha, whose teaching approaches nearer than does that of any other founder of a religion to the teaching of Christ, has won, by the attractive beauty of his character, the unconscious homage of Christendom. He has been placed in the golden roll of Christian saints, side by side with St. Francis d'Assisi and other founders of religious orders, with St. Francis Xavier and other missionary heroes, and with Francis de Sales and other saintly men. Worthily does he stand among "the sons of God who were righteous in their lives."‡ "THEY WERE LOVELY AND PLEASANT IN THEIR LIVES, AND IN THEIR DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED."

* Max Müller, "Chips," iv. 174-189; Beal's "Fahian," p. 86, n.

† Cf. St. Aug., "Retract.," i. 13.

‡ Plato, "Apology," 41.

SECOND SIGHT.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE

BY E. W. LATIMER.

CHAPTER III.

WINTER was over. It was the month of March. I had been forced to accept a crowd of invitations, and for the first time since I knew Stachovitch several days had passed without my seeing him.

One day, as I was on my way home about eleven o'clock in the evening, I found myself before his door. Seeing a light burning in his room, I went up-stairs and found him busy writing.

"Very glad to see you," said he, coming to meet me. "I have something I want you to do for me."

He asked me to sit down, and took a chair opposite to me. I then perceived that he was greatly agitated.

"What has happened?" said I.

Stachovitch rose, and began walking rapidly up and down the room. Suddenly he stopped before me, and asked me point-blank the question, —

"Am I a coward?"

"Most certainly not," I said. "What do you mean by asking me?"

"I have been insulted — grossly insulted; and it is impossible for me to fight the man who has insulted me."

"Humph! That's a pity. There are people of course who won't fight on principle. With some men it is a matter of conscience — a matter of taste. It cannot be argued about; only —"

"You mistake," cried Stachovitch eagerly, "I have fought several duels, and I may fight more. But it was Drieux who insulted me —"

"What matter who it was," said I, "Drieux or another?"

"I cannot fight him."

"Why not?"

"I can't. I ought not." He spoke with great excitement.

"My dear fellow," said I, rising, "I am at your service with all my heart, on one condition however. It is that you will be pleased not to talk in riddles, and that you will tell me clearly what has taken place."

"Drieux insulted me."

"That's the third time you have said so."

"I ought to ask satisfaction."

"That is what we must see about presently, when you have been so good as to tell me all the particulars. Drieux is a man of honor. He will not refuse you any satisfaction that you have a right to demand."

"But I cannot fight him."

Here I began to lose patience.

"I'll come back to-morrow morning," I said. "I hope you will then be calm enough to explain yourself. Good evening."

"No, stay. Pray stay. Don't leave me. Help me."

"Well, then, I will remain. Calm yourself. Give me a light. Thank you. Do me the favor to light your own cigarette. Very well. Are you ready? Now tell me why you cannot fight Drieux."

He looked at me fixedly. His eyes, which were unnaturally wide open, had an indescribable expression of horror.

"Because I do not choose to be his murderer," he replied slowly at last, pausing on the syllables of every word.

"You are more and more mysterious."

"Because it is quite certain I shall kill him if I fight him."

I shrugged my shoulders, and gave unequivocal signs of impatience.

"Never mind about that," I said crossly, "we will talk about that by-and-by. Tell me now everything that passed. Till I know all I do not see how I can help you."

The story that Stachovitch at last decided to impart to me was very simple. For some time past the intimacy between himself and Drieux had cooled. Rivals in love, and each jealous of the other, they took small pleasure in meeting four or five times a week in the *salon* of Madame de Baudry. The vicomte at last asked Marie's hand: he was refused, and came no more to his aunt's house. His self-love suffered quite as much as anything else from his disappointment. He was ill-tempered with every one, and especially with Stachovitch. He still bowed to him very stiffly, but that was all. The young Russian was constantly expecting a quarrel with him, and tried to keep out of his way. That afternoon he had met him at the fencing-gallery. There Drieux had abruptly asked him if he would do him the honor to cross swords with him.

"I refused," continued Stachovitch, "and I am certain I refused with the utmost politeness. But Drieux would not give the matter up. He was evidently resolved to pick a quarrel with me. He went on in such a way that I should have been perfectly entitled to call him to account, had I not been anxious above everything to avoid a quarrel. Several persons present tried to interfere. They spoke to Drieux, blaming him for his persistency, and reminding him that everybody had long before agreed to put up with the apparently capricious selection I was accustomed to make of my opponents; that it had been agreed that no one should be offended if I refused to fence with him, and that Drieux, by acting otherwise, seemed to reflect on others. But Drieux would not give up his point; he raised his voice, and addressed me in such a way that I was forced at last to ask him to explain himself, or to take back what he had said. Then he laughed, and went on to say that his words were plain enough already, that he should not take them back; that I might either put up with them, or ask for satisfaction. That is how the affair stands. Now how do you advise me?"

I replied that the first thing to be done was to try every means of conciliation.

"I will go and see Drieux to-morrow morning," I said. "He may be wiser when he has slept upon it. I will point

out to him that he is only doing himself an injury by pushing the matter to extremities. Don't worry yourself meantime. Whatever comes of it, I will protect your honor."

The next morning I went early to see the Vicomte de Drieux. He was expecting me, and as soon as I began to speak stopped me, giving me the names of two of his friends, and requesting me to arrange the matter with them. In vain I tried to force him to make some explanation. He listened to me most politely, and behaved with all propriety, but would only answer that he was now in the hands of his friends.

Drieux had been careful to select young men not exactly of his own set, who were pleased with the distinction of being his seconds, and who would have been very sorry to have the meeting fall through. I could make no impression at all upon them.

"But, monsieur," they said, "why should these gentlemen not fight if they want to? A meeting is inevitable unless you decline to ask satisfaction. M. de Drieux assured us expressly that he would make no apology. He has asked us to be his seconds. We have accepted that honor, and all we have now to do is to settle the terms of meeting, provided Count Stachovitch thinks it his due. We are ready to fight, and wait your pleasure."

I went away and gave them time to reflect; then I had a second interview with these young fools, after which I went back to Stachovitch, and told him how all my attempts at reconciliation had failed.

"I knew they would fail beforehand," he replied, "but my conscience tells me I have now done all I could to avoid this unlucky duel. The blood that will be shed must fall upon the head of him who would not be reconciled."

The duel took place next morning at daybreak in the forest of Vincennes. I had been a little anxious lest Stachovitch should show some nervousness upon the ground, for in spite of my presence, he seemed almost beside himself the night before with anxiety. When I found myself with him the next morning in a carriage, he hastened to reassure me.

"You need not be anxious," he said, "I know what I have to do, and shall give you no occasion to be ashamed of me."

His whole bearing was excellent. He was grave, self-contained, and perfectly cool. As he stood sword in hand, after taking off his coat and waistcoat and unty-

ing his cravat, I could not forbear admiring the strength and suppleness of his well-knit figure. Drieux attacked him vehemently. For some time all Stachovitch did was to parry the furious assaults of his opponent, but by degrees he warmed to his work and began to attack in his turn. More than once I fancied that I saw his sword touch the chest of the vicomte, but he did not wound him. All of a sudden he dropped his arm. We ran up to him. He was badly wounded through the right fore-arm. To continue the duel was impossible. Drieux prepared slowly to leave the ground, whilst his seconds earnestly begged to know if they could be of any use to me. I thanked them, but declined their help. After which, bowing low to us, they went away.

I turned to Stachovitch, who was already in the hands of the surgeon, and was amazed to see the look of perfect happiness upon his countenance.

"Thank God," he cried, "that it has ended thus! If you only knew what a weight has been taken off my mind."

This explosion of joy, on the part of a man who had been badly wounded, was at least surprising. I answered,—

"As far as I am concerned I had rather the vicomte had been hit; however, as you seem so charmed that it was you, I have no right to complain."

The wound having been dressed and the surgeon sent away, I got into our carriage with Stachovitch, and drove to the Avenue Friedland. As we drove along the young Russian seemed supremely happy. Every now and then he fell into deep reverie, but his reflections must have been agreeable, for a smile of rest and satisfaction such as I had never seen before upon his face lighted up his features.

"I feel as if I had just got rid of an ugly dream," he said. "I am awake now, and I see that all that has been making me unhappy was unreal. This very day I will go to Madame de Baudry's, and ask her niece's hand. I know she will grant it me. I am full of happy hopes. I have been wretched for so long. Now my turn has come for being happy. Yes, I shall not be refused. I will see you this evening, dear friend. Congratulate me. I am so happy."

I could not in the least understand this new excitement; but I had no wish to trouble my friend's joy, so I said *au revoir*, after having taken him back to his own rooms, and retired, well satisfied with the result of the duel.

The proposal of Stachovitch for the

hand of Marie de Massieux was accepted. My friend appeared indeed a happy man. He was altogether changed. His former sadness, of which he had never told me the cause, gave place to almost extravagant spirits and gaiety. I found it hard to get accustomed to the alteration; and it did not seem to me anything so very extraordinary that Stachovitch should be an accepted suitor. Mademoiselle de Massieux was a very charming person, and my friend's delight at his engagement was to a certain extent natural; yet it had been so obvious long before that he was encouraged to address her, that I could not imagine why his acceptance should appear to him a matter of surprise.

"I am the happiest man that lives!" he was forever saying to me. And I always made answer,—

"I am very glad of it, *mon cher*; but it is your own fault that your happiness did not begin three months ago."

When I spoke thus Stachovitch always had a strange way of looking at me, as if he were half inclined to tell me something. He never did, however, and I remained as ill-informed about the source of his new happiness as I had been about his former depression and misery.

The Vicomte de Drieux had left Paris. I heard accidentally that he was travelling in Greece.

"I wish him every good thing he can possibly desire," said Stachovitch, on hearing this news. "I owe him all my present happiness."

"Enigmas again!" I cried. "What possible connection can there be between De Drieux and your life's happiness?" Stachovitch smiled his most mysterious smile, as if to say,—

"I know—and am perfectly sure of it."

This conversation ended like all the rest. But after Boris had taken leave of me I began to ask myself, could anything be wrong in my young friend's brain?

A few days later the same idea recurred to me; and this was the occasion. One evening about ten o'clock I went to his rooms. We had agreed I should do so, and that we would go together and pass the evening with the Comtesse de Villiers. The servant of Count Stachovitch, knowing I was constantly there, showed me into the sitting-room without announcing my arrival. The room was empty. I crossed it without noise, for there was a very thick carpet on the floor, and I was about to enter my friend's bed-chamber when I was stopped upon the threshold by a very singular sight.

On the chimney-piece burned two candleabra, which threw a blaze of light on a large looking-glass. Before this glass stood Stachovitch, making the most singular faces. He would look at his own face with the same look of looking it through that I remembered when he gazed so earnestly in the railroad carriage at the murderer Béchouard. Then he would draw back a few steps, still looking at his own face, but seeming to desire to view it from a new position. Then he winked his eyes, and drew down the corners of his mouth, and wrinkled up his forehead, so that his face got an expression of weariness and age. After looking at it thus for a few moments, he went back to the glass, when I saw him to my great astonishment pick up a little *crayon de toilette*, and proceed to draw wrinkles round his lips and eyes, like an actor getting himself up for an old man's part.

I was inexpressibly discomposed by what I saw. There I stood, spectator, as it seemed to me, of some lugubrious farce, or of some act of insanity. I walked back on tiptoe to the door by which I had entered the sitting-room, and after pausing a moment to recover myself, I opened and closed it violently, calling out to Stachovitch in his room to know if he was ready. "I'll be with you in a moment," he cried, and there was no emotion whatever in his voice. "Take an evening paper, and sit down."

Then he closed his own door without having shown himself, left me to myself for a few minutes, and appeared smiling, as he always smiled since his duel.

I had the greatest mind to question him concerning the strange scene of which I had been the involuntary spectator. But I was afraid of intruding on his secret, so I held my tongue.

We went out. At the corner of the Avenue Friedland and the Rue St. Honoré we took a carriage.

"A lucky number," I said, looking at the ticket that the coachman gave me. "No. 1107."

"Why lucky?" asked Stachovitch.

"Because 1107 can be divided by 9."

Stachovitch still looked at me.

"I have a fancy," I said, "for noting the numbers on the hack carriages I engage, and the houses where I visit. If the figures when added together make nine, or a number that can be divided by nine, it is all right. If on the contrary they make thirteen, as for instance 643 does, I am made seriously uncomfortable. I like best to visit houses with lucky numbers, and I

am always afraid of quarrelling with people who live at numbers 49, 67, and so on. Luckily there are not many such houses. In your Avenue Friedland there is no No. 13. The houses are numbered 11, 11 *bis*, 15."

Stachovitch looked at me a little anxiously.

"Really and truly," he said, "do you believe such things?"

Not knowing whether he were joking or in earnest, I answered, laughing, "Of course I believe them."

"Then," said he, "I suppose you are afraid of Friday, and would not choose to start upon a journey on that day?"

"Oh, no," I replied with mock gravity, "that is mere superstition. An interest in numbers is quite another affair. It is an excellent habit to cultivate. After a time you might develop it into quite a respectable mania. You can be always enjoying the use of it too without any inconvenience to others. I assure you I find it contribute greatly to the interest of my existence."

"Take care," said the young Russian eagerly, "you are playing with dangerous weapons. Believe me, for I know what I am saying. I have had sad experiences."

"Are you really in earnest?"

"Perfectly. All manias are dangerous. *Mania, maniacus*, are sad words, my dear fellow. As soon as a man gets out of the straight line of common sense, he finds himself upon the road to insanity."

I answered, "Yes—yes, you are quite right," well knowing that absolute consent cuts short discussion; for when I thought of the scene before the glass, I could not bear to allude in the presence of Stachovitch to anything connected with insanity.

However, the matter faded from my mind. I set it down at last to mere grimacing, to try effects of expression before a mirror. This certainly put Stachovitch in rather a ridiculous light, but in no way impaired my regard for him.

His marriage was to take place on the eighth of June.

It was the last week in May. Stachovitch dined nearly every day with Madame de Baudry, and came home about ten o'clock. I was accustomed to look in upon him nearly every evening, when we commonly strolled together down the Champs Elysées.

One evening when I went to his house his servant told me he had just gone out, but that he had left a message for me begging me not to go away without seeing him, as he had something very important

that he wished to say to me. I thought it was probably something about his marriage. So having nothing in particular to do I took a comfortable chair, and began to read. It was a lovely night. From the windows of the sitting-room I could see the trees of the avenue, I could hear the noise of the carriages in the streets. There was nothing to conduce to any sad or mysterious train of feeling.

All of a sudden I uttered a cry of terror. Before me, pale as a corpse, with haggard, burning eyes, stood Stachovitch, drawn up to his full height, looking like his own spectre.

"Read that!" he cried in a hoarse voice, "read that!" as, without giving me time to ask a question, he thrust a crumpled newspaper into my fingers.

Instead of looking at it however, I sat gazing into the face of my friend.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Read it — read it," he repeated; "you will see that I was right all along. Oh, my terrible presentiment!"

I took the newspaper and read the paragraph. It was a telegraphic despatch, and ran thus:—

"ATHENS. Vicomte René de Drieux was murdered yesterday by brigands, whilst making an excursion at no great distance from the city. His body was easily identified by the French consul. M. de Drieux was stabbed in the breast by a dagger. The police is actively engaged in endeavoring to discover those who committed the crime."

"Poor young man!" said I. "It is a sad piece of news indeed, and I am truly sorry."

"I knew — I always knew that Drieux would die like that," cried Stachovitch.

His exclamation startled me. I suddenly remembered how unwilling Stachovitch had been to fight with Drieux; because he was so sure that he would kill him. Involuntarily I began to feel very uncomfortable. Yet after all it might be merely a coincidence; and it was not for me to follow Stachovitch into all kinds of queer theories and vagaries, it was my duty rather to recall him by sober arguments to calmness and right reason. I therefore insisted that he must confide his trouble to me.

His excitement had made him lose all self-command, and with it the reserve he had hitherto maintained towards me. After a while he consented to tell me his story. His agitation, however, became greater than ever. He kept walking up and down his chamber, talking loud, and gesticulat-

ing violently. What he said was at first hardly intelligible; but by degrees I got the thread of the narrative, and when he had done I had learned all the particulars of his melancholy story.

I do not give it here just as he told it me. I only recapitulate it as it is graven in my memory.

CHAPTER IV.

THIS is the story of my friend Count Boris Stachovitch.

One day I found myself at a great dinner-party, sitting beside a beautiful young woman. Her figure was perfect. I never saw more lovely shoulders, or such faultless arms and hands. She had large blue eyes, limpid, and full of intelligence. Her lips were fresh and pink. Her eyebrows were exquisitely pencilled, and her long curved eyelashes added, whenever she looked down, an especial grace and softness to her features. I was perfectly bewitched by the union of so many charms, and all through the dinner did nothing but pay attentions to my neighbor. She listened to me with the most flattering attention; sometimes she smiled at me as if we had been old friends; sometimes she looked as if all I said demanded her most serious attention. Whatever she did became her. I found her growing more and more beautiful. After dinner the lady of the house invited her to play. She did not take much pressing, but played two or three difficult pieces with the brilliancy and ease of a professor. Then she sang. Her voice was a powerful voice, and highly cultivated. Never in my life had I met so accomplished a woman. All the party crowded round her, and paid her compliments. She had modest thanks for every one. I looked at her with all my eyes. I could not bear to look away from her. Suddenly I saw her walk towards a lady of a certain age seated near the piano, to whom nobody had been paying any attentions. This lady's face did not appear wholly unknown to me, but I could not remember where I had ever seen her. I looked at her attentively. She was not ugly, though her face had something about it singularly disagreeable. She looked stern, cold, and cruel. She was tall and thin. She wore a plain dress of some dark color. Her hands, which were covered by very shiny black gloves, were extraordinarily small. Her hair was thin, but black as jet, and was arranged very simply. Her skin, which looked like wax, was withered like the skin of a mummy. Her eyes were clear, intelligent, watchful

of all that passed, and deep sunk in their orbits. Her lips were thin and pale.

"Humph!" I said to myself, "what an unpleasant-looking creature! She must have a heart as hard as a stone."

At this moment she looked up at the ceiling. "Where can I have seen her face before?" I again asked myself.

Again she looked down, and I felt sure I had never before seen her.

"Do you know that lady that Mlle. Olga M—— is now speaking to?" said I, addressing an old gentleman, a great friend of my father's, who was very intimate in the house where I was visiting.

"She is mother to Mlle. Olga, your neighbor at dinner. She is Countess M——."

"Is it possible," I cried, "that so charming a creature should have such a mother?" My friend smiled.

"I knew the countess before she was married," said he; "we used to call her *la belle Nathalie*. She was ever so much prettier than her daughter Olga. And besides she was charmingly intelligent and amusing. Every man who saw her fell in love with her. Nobody could resist such an enchantress. *Moi qui vous parle*, I was wildly in love with her. And your own father too, Boris,—he came near dying of love for *la belle Nathalie*. But she was a young person who meant to get the most she could out of her advantages. She talked, and she laughed, and she danced, and she sang like a siren. Neither your father nor I would do for her. She had set her mind on Count M——, a rich man and nothing else; and of course she succeeded in marrying him. In five years she had given him three daughters, and by the time they had been married six years, she had sent him into another world by her coldness and her cruelty. Two of her daughters are married, but the youngest, Olga, is still free. If you will accept a piece of good advice, my young friend, let me recommend you to have nothing to do with so dangerous a beauty. Olga reminds me of her mother when she was eighteen. She has the same smile; she knows how to cast soft glances just as her witch of a mother could do. Look at them this moment!—both of them are casting down their eyes in the same way; they have the same hands, feet, forehead, and mouth. All that is sharp and withered in the countess is in her daughter fresh and fair. Years will transform your beautiful Olga as they have transformed my charming Nathalie. In thirty years she will be the living image of her mother. Good-

night, Boris. Don't dream of Olga. If you must dream, dream of that pretty little girl yonder in a pink dress, who sits quietly and modestly beside her mother. The mother is as sweet and fresh as she is."

I went apart to think over what I had just heard. I have good eyes, and from the dark corner of the *salon* in which I stood I could see Olga as plainly as though I had been at her side. It was true she was like her mother. The likeness was not striking at first, but became very evident when her face was stripped of its youthful charms. Ah! what cold, cruel looks those lovely eyes were capable of giving,—how hard and stern the mouth when stripped of its attractive smile! "And that is how Olga will look in thirty years," I thought, as I gazed at her mother. I became afraid of the young girl who had so lately fascinated me. Somehow my thoughts went back to my own grandmother, and an old great aunt who was still living. They were sisters and extraordinarily like each other. And yet my grandmother had been a great beauty in her day, and my great aunt positively ugly. All kinds of queer ideas passed through my mind about the unchangeableness of the typical forms of face in every individual, though such typical forms may lie concealed for years under a veil of youth or happiness, sorrow, health, or sickness. Nevertheless, as every individual grew old I suddenly seemed to understand that his typical countenance, the primitive plan of his face, would inevitably declare itself. "It is the true essence of himself," I thought, "the rest is outward show." After this I came out of my retreat, and again joined the others. I chanced to pass near Olga. Her expressive look welcomed me back.

"What a pensive air, *M. le philosophe!*" she exclaimed, "what are you thinking about? Give me your arm, and take me out of this furnace. I can hardly breathe."

I took her into another room. She stood by a window, and, still leaning on my arm, she looked out into the starry night. A pensive sadness overspread her face; I felt the beating of her heart; a deep sigh rose from her soft bosom. And I knew—I knew with absolute certainty—that she was a living lie; that everything about her was false, her dreamy eyes, her smiling mouth, her gentle words, and every beat of her false heart of stone. As she stood silent and motionless beside me like a faultless statue, she appeared to me not what she *was*, but what she would

be thirty years to come. I perceived clearly her real, primitive type, — the same as her mother's, with her cruel mouth and evil eyes. I let her hand drop from my arm, and I drew apart from her.

"What is the matter?" she said, with some surprise. "You are quite pale!"

At the moment I could find no commonplace words of excuse to offer her. I was impelled to tell the truth. "You fill me with horror!" I exclaimed. She gave a merry laugh, probably supposing I was joking. But without another word I left her and went home.

From that day forward I began a new existence. Every face I saw became the object of my careful examination. Young people's faces especially interested me. If I saw them with their parents, I was not easy till out of the fair, fresh, youthful face I had picked out the family features. Youth withered under my glance. The desire to find the true face under the mask became a mania. It caused me many annoyances, for it often happened that strangers wanted to know why I was gazing at them. Several times I made a resolution to give up this unlucky propensity, but it was too strong for me. At concerts or at theatres I would fix my eyes on some young face, and then turn it into an old one; after which I would make every effort to obtain a glimpse of the father or mother of the young person whose face I was experimenting upon. At first I often found myself mistaken, but I grew more skilful as time went on. I laid down laws, fixed rules for my own guidance, and after a while became a master of the miserable art which had gained complete ascendancy over me.

What I may call my apprenticeship did not last long. I had been early struck with the fact that certain faces could not be subjected to my process of *aging* them. In vain I applied to them all the rules I found successful in other cases. They would not grow old.

One of these *refractory* faces, as I called them, was my brother's; another that of a young girl who was my sisters' friend; whom I saw every day either at our own house or at her father's, and who was the object of my secret love.

"Why cannot I transform these two faces?" I asked myself. If I covered my eyes with my hands, and tried to make them old, Alexis and Sophie would only look pale with their eyes closed. And it was not long before I saw their dead bodies just as I had so often seen them in imagination. They were out upon the lake in a

party of pleasure. The boat upset; and they were drowned.

The grief that I felt for their loss was increased by my conviction that I possessed the fated gift of knowing who among those who surrounded me would die young. I almost went out of my senses. I became very ill. For weeks my life was despaired of. When I grew better I went to a retired country house owned by my family in southern Russia. There I lived for a year in the strictest possible seclusion.

One day, having nothing to do, I undertook to see if I could apply to my own face the same rules by which I had been in the habit of testing the faces of others. My face proved a *refractory* face. I could not make it grow old. "I shall die young, like Sophie and Alexis," I exclaimed, "and I am glad it should be so." Life had grown to be a heavy burden, and yet I was only twenty-two years old.

When the next winter came I dreaded a return to its long solitude. I went to Moscow, and thence I set out for Paris. I thought I would have all the enjoyment I could out of the few years I had to live. I also wanted to see my sister, the Comtesse de Villiers, before I died.

During my journey I resumed my old habit of analyzing the faces round me. I lived as it were surrounded by old faces. Some I liked, and those persons I tried to know; some were inexpressibly disagreeable to me. I was considered eccentric in my tastes; I did not care.

My illness — for I recognized my mania as such — seemed every day to make fresh progress. My first terrible experience was before I reached Paris.

When the train in which I was seated had just crossed the Belgian frontier, a railroad *employé* sprang on the step outside to examine the tickets of the passengers. His was a *refractory* face. I was looking at him with deep pity, for I knew he must die young, when suddenly I saw a broad red line, like a deep wound, across his forehead. I could not take my eyes from his face so long as he remained at the door of our carriage, and I looked out for him at every station. He was a young, active man, with a very pleasing countenance. Wherever we passed he seemed to have friends, and to exchange a pleasant word with them. He was never in a hurry. He would let the train begin to move, and then running along side it jump upon the footboard. At Saint Quentin, however, he delayed too long. I watched him from my window. I

saw him make a spring to catch the last carriage. His foot slipped—he fell. I heard a cry, lost in the scream of the locomotive. The engineer had seen the accident, and stopped the train. In a few moments a corpse was borne past my window. The poor fellow had fallen on a rail, and had split open his skull. The dark red wound that I had seen was on his forehead.

It was the same with the murderer Béchouard, whom we met on our way from England. I saw him seated beside me with his eyes turned in his head, eyes such as we saw when we found him; and Drieux I always saw stabbed through the body.

After the duel that I had with our poor friend I came to life again. I had been certain I should kill him if I fought him. But the meeting had taken place, and I was the one wounded. I blessed him for having forced me into the quarrel. If I could have been deceived once, my gift of second sight was not infallible. The fated power that I thought I had might not be in my possession. I reasoned thus, and I was happy. I did so wish for happiness! Life seemed to me to become all at once so wonderful and beautiful. I hoped long to enjoy it. I hoped so yesterday—hoped so this morning, only a few hours since. Now all my hope has vanished. I know Drieux has been murdered. He died as I foreknew he would, I made no mistake—I cannot make mistakes, alas! on such a subject. And now I know I shall die soon. Life has no more to offer me. All is lost—all is over!

As Stachovitch ended his sad story he sunk back in his chair, covered his face with both hands, and sobbed aloud. I did all I could to calm him. When I found nothing would do I called in his old servant who began comforting him in Russian, and at last we got him to bed. While he was undressing I ran for a doctor, and was fortunate at that hour in getting my old friend. When we reached the bedside of Count Stachovitch he was in a troubled slumber. The doctor felt his pulse, and said he had high fever. He gave his servant some directions, and said he would be back next morning.

I spent nearly all night by the sick-bed of my friend. But at dawn, having grown very sleepy, and seeing that Stachovitch seemed quiet, I left him to his Russian servant, who promised not to quit his chamber.

It was late next morning when I woke. I dressed in haste and went to my friend's

room. The *concierge* stopped me at the foot of the staircase.

"You will not find any one at home," he said. "M. le Comte and his servant left this morning at seven o'clock."

"Gone? Where?" I asked.

"I do not know. M. le Comte went past my *loge* without even looking up. His servant, who had a little valise in his hand, said, 'We shall be away for a day or two.'"

I heard no more. I next went to see Stachovitch's sister.

"Madame la Comtesse," they said, "is not at home." I next called upon Madame de Baudry. She received me immediately, and before I opened my mouth put a paper into my hand.

"What does this mean?" said she.

A few lines were written in haste, and ran as follows:—

"I am obliged to renounce forever my life's happiness. Do not blame me. I am innocent. Pity me; I am most wretched. Console Marie.

"BORIS STACHOVITCH."

What use would there have been of explanations? The only one that seemed possible was to say I thought the poor young man was mad. And that would have been no comfort to any one. I did not like to burn my ships. Something might occur to bring things right again. So I only told her that Stachovitch had been very ill the evening before, and had left early in the morning; that his letter was written under feverish excitement, and that I did not think it worthy of any great consideration. In short I begged Madame de Baudry not to think hardly of her niece's suitor, but to wait for further information.

A long time, however, passed before I heard anything more of Boris Stachovitch. The Comtesse de Villiers, upon whom I repeatedly called, was never at home to me. I understood at last that she did not wish to see me, but being deeply anxious as to the fate of my young Russian friend, I ventured at last to write to her.

"My brother is not well," she answered. "His physicians have ordered him to southern Russia, where he is at present, on one of my father's estates. He is getting better, though not very rapidly. I shall have great pleasure in writing to you, as soon as I have any good news to tell you."

Years have since passed. Madame la Comtesse has never again written to me, but I met with the cousin of Boris, the

same we spoke of the day when we first met, and when he first broached to me his theory of this "little, little world." From him I learned the fate of my poor friend.

After leaving Paris he went back to the same lonely country house, where he had gone once before after the death of his brother and the young girl he had first loved. There he lived six months in complete solitude, with nobody to speak to but his servant, who found him one morning lying dead before the looking-glass in his bedroom. He had stabbed himself to the heart, thus realizing by his own hand the vision that had haunted him of dying young.

I could not but feel I had expected this, and the news of his death caused me more sorrow than surprise.

Marie de Massieux did not die of grief for the loss of her lover; on the contrary she consoled herself before long, and I do not blame her. It is both brave and sensible to submit to an inevitable loss, and act accordingly. All oracles of wisdom — ancient or modern — tell us so. After all, this life is terribly deceptive. It promises a great deal that it has no intention to perform. Happy are those who having secured a little comfort, or a little happiness, enjoy it to the utmost, without anxiety or regret. Marie de Massieux must have been a woman of this kind. She married a kindly country gentleman, and her life seems very happy. I met her not long since walking in the Champs Elysées with her two children. She was proud, fair, and satisfied. One might have sworn that nothing had ever troubled her peace, and that when she should be eighty she would be as calm and smiling as I saw her there. Our eyes met, but she did not recognize me. She was wholly devoted to her present life; she had forgotten the past, and was trustful of the future. Was not this wisdom? I thought it better not to wake sad memories of a painful passage in her life, and I passed on without bowing to her.

R. L.

From The Church Quarterly Review.

THE POETRY OF DOUBT. — ARNOLD AND CLOUGH.*

IN the account of Julius Hare, prefixed to the "Guesses at Truth," we are told that he made a special entry in some auto-

biographical memoranda as to the date when he first read Wordsworth. "To him, as to so many others, that was an epoch in his life," says his biographer; and we may add that the influence is to be traced in almost every line of his literary work. Again, every reader of J. S. Mill's autobiography will recollect his account of the prolonged melancholy which came over him when a young man. From this, he says, he was relieved chiefly by reading Wordsworth. These two instances are merely casual illustrations of the great influence which Wordsworth exerted on the minds of the generation immediately succeeding his own; and we have called attention to them now in order that we may have a standard whereby to compare the poets of our time with those of other periods. We have taken Wordsworth as perhaps the greatest instance in our own modern literature of a poet who was a definite teacher. But there are, of course, many similar instances. Byron had just as definite an influence over the minds of his contemporaries; he was an actual leader, if not of thought, at least of sentiment, and the Byronic tendency was plainly visible both in literature and in practice. And it is not only true of the beginning of this century, but in most periods poets have been leaders and teachers, with a definite "gospel," as Mr. Carlyle would call it, not so systematic, but quite as influential, as schemes of philosophy or morality. Of course there are many exceptions; there are many dramatic or purely artistic poets whose teaching is only indirect and vague; but, on the whole, it is not difficult to estimate the tendencies of the poetry of any period, inasmuch as those tendencies have been definite and patent. What a poet teaches is not to be found in his longer or more didactic poems only, for there it often misses its effect; it is generally more powerful in the purely lyrical pieces. Insight into Wordsworth's view of nature has been given with greater vividness by "Tintern Abbey," or by "Three Years she Grew in Sun and Shower," than by "The Excursion." The essential requisite is that the poet himself shall be so informed by some master truth that hardly an utterance of his shall fail to give some expression to it, and his purest poetry will convey it most fully.

Such being one, and surely the highest, of the poet's functions, we have to ask whether it is fulfilled by any of our contemporary poets. We feel that we must answer this question mainly in the nega-

* 1. *Arnold's Poems: Narrative and Elegiac: Dramatic and Lyric.* London: 1869.
2. *Clough's Poems.* London: 1869.

tive. We have imitators of Mr. Tennyson, as he has informed us; echoes of Mr. Swinburne are everywhere audible; Mr. Browning's monologues have given rise to many uncouth travesties; but such imitations of popular writers do not imply that these poets have founded schools of thought, or that any one forms his opinions or controls his actions in accordance with their guidance. No doubt among our contemporary poets we can find those who can give expression to deep or lofty thoughts, but is there one whom we can call an original creator, one who can create an ideal, and by the power of his imagination or the universality of his expression can compel the minds of men to follow him in striving after it? The leaders who have really guided thought during our epoch have been, in England, great prose writers on morals or art, such as Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Ruskin, or great scientific thinkers like Mr. Darwin; we do not find a poet among the "kings of modern thought."

The question then arises, if, in our day, contemporary poetry does not lead the mind of the age, what function does it actually fulfil? The answer, in our judgment, is not far to seek; and we reply that it acts not so much as a guide, but as a reflection of contemporary tendencies. This is not the highest function of the poet, but still it is a high calling, and one which, as regards the present age, so singularly incoherent and confused, so full of vague and inarticulate movements, is no light task. And as a matter of fact, this summing up and expression of these otherwise unexpressed strivings and tendencies is the very office which one of their number calls upon poets to fulfil:—

Come, Poet, come!
A thousand laborers ply their task,
And what it tends to scarcely ask,
And trembling thinkers on the brink
Shiver, and know not how to think.
To tell the purport of their pain,
And what our silly joys contain;
In lasting lineaments portray
The substance of our shadowy day;
Our real and inner deeds rehearse,
And make our meaning clear in verse:
Come, Poet, come! for but in vain
We do the work or feel the pain,
And gather up the seeming gain,
Unless before the end thou come
To take, ere they are lost, their sum.
(Clough, "Poems," p. 471.)

This incoherence of modern thought is, perhaps, one of the reasons why our poetry is its reflection and not its guide. For

a poet to lead the thought of any period it is necessary that the minds of men should be predisposed to go in certain definite directions, that the paths of possible progress should be broad and well-marked, that there should be a store of energy ready to be directed with overwhelming force into some one of these paths. To be a leader a poet must himself feel the overmastering impulse by which he shall compel men to follow him. If there be no such impulse how can he lead? If the paths do not lie broad and clear before him, but confused and faint, and too numerous to be rightly discerned, the sensitive mind will turn from them, and its poetry will be no guide, but a mere echo of the hesitation and bewilderment of those who doubt whither to advance. Such an echo is the poetry of our age. If there be one characteristic common to most of our leading poets, it is that of doubt, hesitation, questioning of all things. Though Blake wrote,—

If the sun and moon should doubt,
They'd immediately go out,

a thought which, in spite of its quaintness, expresses a great truth, yet this age has proved that poetry does not require such unhesitating certainty for its work, and a genuine music has been brought out of doubt and vagueness of belief.

We propose to examine the main characteristics of two of the poets of the day, in order to discover the peculiarity in their mode of echoing the confused murmurs of contemporary voices, and especially their treatment of the deeper questions which agitate modern literature. The two poets whom we shall discuss are not our leading poets, but we have selected them partly because they represent a certain large and important section, though only a section, of university thought and culture, and partly because of their position in regard to religion and faith.

Mr. Arnold is so keenly alive to the vagueness and confusion of modern thought,

The hopeless tangle of our age,

and the difficulty of obtaining a clear answer to the problems that haunt us, that we may almost say that his perception of this is the secret of his charm as a poet. He knows that the poet's work differs from the musician's and the artist's chiefly by reason of its complexity. In the "Epilogue to Lessing's 'Laocöon,'" he discusses the causes of the rarity of perfection in poetry compared to music or painting,

and finds it in the fact that while painters have only to show one aspect,—

A moment's life of things that live,
and musicians need only

The feeling of the moment know,
and give it utterance, the poet has to mirror life's movement,—

The thread which binds it all in one,
And not its separate parts alone.

And as a poet, scanning life in order to discover this thread, he feels himself hopelessly baffled by the complexity of the modern world. Once he thinks

The stream of life's majestic whole
flowed unbroken in one deep channel;
now it is parted and scattered and wasted,
and the poet's efforts to explore its course
are mere "misery and distress."

Mr. Arnold's view, then, of the world is the view of one who feels himself in the turmoil and confusion of a crowd, who is unable to escape from it altogether, but is determined, as far as in him lies, to counteract the wasting and dispersion of his soul's powers. What he longs for is

One mighty wave of thought and joy,
Lifting mankind amain.

But this he knows is not to be felt yet in the present; he looks for it to come in the future. In the present we see only

Blocks of the past, like icebergs high,
Float on a rolling sea.
Upon them ply the race of man
All they before endeavored;
They come and go, they work and plan,
And know not they are severed.

Till the reunion, the consolidation of the new world out of the fragments of the old, man must endure. That is the great secret of Mr. Arnold's teaching—endurance. This teaching seems to him necessary because of the hopeless sadness of the age; there is no tone of hope or buoyancy in his finest poems. The world is sad, and the saddest thing is that so few see the sadness of it:—

Ye slumber in your silent grave!
The world, which for an idle day
Grace to your mood of sadness gave,
Long since hath flung her weeds away.
The eternal trifer breaks your spell;
But we—we learnt your love too well!
There yet, perhaps, may dawn an age,
More fortunate, alas! than we,
Which without hardness will be sage,
And gay without frivolity.
Sons of the world, oh, haste those years;
But, till they rise, allow our tears!

Endurance being our duty, we ask, how can man attain to it? It is in Mr. Arnold's answer to this that we perceive the connection between his prose and his poetry.

Few things are more remarkable, at first sight, than the great difference between Mr. Arnold in prose and Mr. Arnold in poetry. His poems are grave, or rather mournful; they have no irreverence, none of what some call "delicate banter," and others flippancy, no levity in the presence of great problems, and scarcely any bitterness: his prose, as we all know, is the very reverse. We prefer to think that his poetry expresses his mind more truly than his prose, and that we may estimate his tone of thought better by the "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," than by "Friendship's Garland" or "Literature and Dogma."

But on more careful inspection one sees that the difference is little more than one of form, though in the case of so genuine an artist difference of form involves more than a mere superficial variation of expression. Still, one who has patience to penetrate beyond the form of his writings can see that the answer given, whether in prose or in poetry, to the great questions which he raises, is substantially the same.

Mr. Arnold is known as the preacher of culture; of the duty, under all circumstances, of self-improvement; not with a view to worldly advancement, not as machinery, but as an end in itself. Our duty in life is to aim at perfecting our nature on all its sides, securing for ourselves "spontaneity of consciousness," so that above all things we should avoid becoming fixed and immovable in any of our notions or habits. About these we must let "a stream of fresh thought play freely," lest we incur that "failure" which, to quote an extreme votary of culture, "is to form habits." Now whether Mr. Arnold's teaching be true or not we do not now attempt to decide; we wish only to point out that it is the teaching of his poetry as well as of his prose, though under a very different form. Whether culture be our duty or not, it is obviously a work that, at least primarily, concerns ourselves; a religion of culture has a tendency to become self-centred. And it is precisely this attribute of self-absorption that we find in Mr. Arnold's poetry. He is possessed with a feeling of the sadness, the vagueness and incompleteness of our life as it is, and the only thing that we can do now is to endure, and endurance is only possible by self-dependence:—

With joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
Why?—self-poised they live, nor pine with
noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see.

With this conviction the whole problem of life becomes to the poet not any external truth, not any life or love without him, but the effort to "possess his soul." When, in a very beautiful poem, he would find some power in our life to correspond to the "palladium" which invisibly preserved Troy, he shows it to be the soul:—

Still doth the soul, from its lone fastness high,
Upon our life a ruling effluence send;
And when it fails, fight as we will, we die,
And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end.

This is the remedy for all that we suffer, so far as there is a remedy at all. This formula, for so we may almost call it, Mr. Arnold would apply to all the conditions of our life. And we must notice how it enters into every part of his emotional or intellectual being. It colors his view of human love, of philanthropy, of the world's progress, of religion.

Self-absorption is dominant in his treatment of human love. The series of poems entitled "Switzerland," which for the union of fine thought and delicate expression is almost unrivalled even among Mr. Arnold's writings, is the record of the struggle between the fascination of love and the soul which shrinks from love because it would be self-contained. The final separation which gains for the soul its bitter victory over the love that would have drawn it out of itself, is justified by the afterthought that isolation is not only a duty but a necessity ordained by God. The justification is a deep though partial truth, and is expressed in almost perfect language:—

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone.
The islands feel the encircling flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But does it not leave the impression that to the poet the soul's instinctive longing for solitude was the first feeling, and the discovery that

A God, a God their severance ruled
was the result, not the cause, of that feeling?

The proud eminence of the soul in its solitude can be rudely disturbed by the passion of human love, but both in "Switzerland" and in "Faded Leaves" the effort is not so much to quell the disturbance by giving a free course to the passion and resting upon an unselfish love, but to forget, to efface the passion, and to preserve to the soul its calmness and self-possession. And there is singularly little about love in these poems. It would seem as if the very mention of a feeling which is essentially unselfish, at least in its first impulse, is foreign to the poet's purpose. Even when he appears to feel the influence of another soul close to his, as in "The Buried Life," where he describes beautifully the peace of love,

When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved one caressed,

what is to him the fruit of this, the gain of love? Still self-knowledge and self-possession—

The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean we say, and what we
would, we know.

Equally self-absorbed is Mr. Arnold when we might expect the "enthusiasm of humanity" to be a reality to him. It must be owned that very little of this feeling is to be found here. There is at times a fine vision of the progress of mankind, the ultimate goal of perfection to which even now we are tending; but there is no enthusiasm in the tone, it is not to him an inspiring or a joyous theme. We must notice that Mr. Arnold is not a pessimist in the ordinary sense; he believes in progress, and, as we saw in "Obermann Once More," he represents the new world as being even now formed from the fragments of the old. But this does not relieve his melancholy. It is belief, but not hope. What shall be in the future is not for him to share, for he is one of the past, and it is therefore no cause for rejoicing. He can endure present ills, not because he knows that they will end, but because nature and nature's works

Seem to bear rather than rejoice.

And if we would learn from nature we must not look onward so much as inward, and thus

Yearn to the greatness of nature,
Rally the good in the depths of thyself.

The hope of a glorious future for the world gives him no joy because he feels so strongly the beauty and the charm of the past. He has not yet been caught up in the whirlwind of progress, he does not yet feel the glow of the rising sun, though he has an intellectual conviction that it will rise; and he is haunted by the recollection of what was, and cannot bear to see the world preparing to cast off the old emotions and faiths. Some of the most beautiful lines he ever wrote describe the calm after the "epoch" has ended, before the new world breaks in with its hurry and rushing successes. These he compares to the bacchanals breaking in upon the calm of the evening, and, called upon to admire the "bright new age," he can only answer, —

Ah, so the silence was!
So was the hush.

He feels himself neither of the new nor of the old, and in the "Grande Chartreuse" he does not wish to share their faith with "these, last of the people who believe," but only to shed his tears with them.

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride;
I come to shed them at their side.

He cannot throw himself forward into the brilliant future, nor can he feel himself at one with the past; his isolation is complete, he cannot find anything outside himself.

It is hardly necessary to ask whether Mr. Arnold's view of religion affords him a remedy for the sadness which he feels, or whether, here also, his prevailing self-absorption does not pursue him. For we know, from other sources, to what a thin abstraction he has reduced the object of religion, and even if the "eternal that makes for righteousness" be "not ourselves," yet it is not likely that so impalpable an object could draw out of itself a soul that resists the fascination of love and the contagious ardor of human progress. But we shall find that even "Literature and Dogma" is in advance of many of his poems in asserting the existing of something external to us, which we ought to worship.

The prevailing uncertainty and hesitation in religious belief affect him with sorrow; he looks back to the faith which "vigorous teachers" forced him to resign, and mourns that he can no longer share it. But his sorrow arises from a different

cause from that which makes many an earnest sceptic lament the clouds of doubt which darken heaven for him: to Mr. Arnold unbelief is sorrowful, not because it darkens the vision of God within us, and covers truth with a cloud, but because it unfits the soul for action, or indeed for contemplation, because it makes us "fluctuate idly without term or scope." In "The Scholar Gipsy," he describes the paralysis of faith, as it might be called; and there is no word of that which faith reveals, and doubt hides from our eyes: —

We,
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd,
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day.

These verses express well Mr. Arnold's complaint against the tendencies of our age. The vague rebuke of unbelief in the first line is diverted into a wail over the shattering effect of doubt on our own thoughts and actions; of all the charges brought against mankind in the stanza, we imagine Mr. Arnold lays most stress on the first, that "we never deeply felt;" but none of them concern any one but ourselves, and there is no reference to a being beyond us, nor even to the "white Star of Truth," which elsewhere he mentions.

But Mr. Arnold's chief statement of his philosophy of religion is in the fine poem entitled "Obermann Once More," in which he describes the weariness and satiety of the pagan world, the life-giving influence of Christianity poured upon it, and then the gradual waning of the faith which had given the life, and the hope of the new faith which is even now replacing it. But though here Mr. Arnold touches most closely upon the life of Christ, and the religion he founded, it is startling to find how little is said about him, how much about our belief, and the feelings it inspired. He longs for religion, not because that in which religion trusts is true, but because religion is trust. He yearns for the ages of faith, because in them his "ravished spirit" would also have been "caught away," and

No thoughts that to the world belong
Had stood against the wave
Of love which set so deep and strong
From Christ's then open grave.

The life of Christ is forgotten or passed over, not because Mr. Arnold does not believe in it, because we know that in a certain sense he does, but because to him the importance of religion lies not in its external reality, but its sensible effect on the soul. So, a few stanzas later, we find the fact and our belief in the fact inextricably confused : —

And centuries came, and ran their course,
And unspent all that time
Still, still went forth that Child's dear force,
And still was at its prime.

Ay, ages long endured His span
Of life, 'tis true received,
That gracious Child, that thorn-crowned Man !
He lived while we believed.

While we believed, on earth He went,
And open stood His grave;
Men called from chamber, church, and tent,
And Christ was by to save.

Here then the highest faculty of man, the divinest thing in him, is employed in casting shadows upon the ground, and falling down and worshipping them. The inspiration and fervor of prayer is justified, not by the fact that there is One to whom we call, whether he will answer us or no, but by our belief that there is such an One. The poet would fain galvanize himself into this belief, but cannot, for

Now He is dead ! Far hence He lies
In the lone Syrian town,
And on His grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

What we would specially remark in this poem is not that Mr. Arnold takes little account of Christ's person, for that is not surprising in one who cannot believe that person to be divine, but that he should long for faith in that very person, and persuade himself that the whole force of Christianity was this imagined belief in what "the brooding East" had evolved from her own thought. It can only be explained by reference to that self-absorption which we have described as Mr. Arnold's special characteristic. The truth of religion matters not, so long as we can feel the religious emotion; when that is once passed, we must up and make to ourselves new gods which will afford us fresh emotions, and in their turn will pass and die. But the strangest thing is that the poet seems to fancy that this self-absorption, which in him leads to such results, is the teaching of Christ. The discovery of the East, that by which she converted the Western world, in fact, the secret of Christianity, he describes thus : —

"Poor world," she cried, "so deep accurst !
That runn'st from pole to pole
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst —
Go, seek it in thy soul ;"

or, as Mr. Arnold elsewhere expresses it, in words which by their very sound might have reminded him how contrary to Christ's real teaching they are, —

Resolve to be thyself ! and know, that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery.

We do not mean to say that Mr. Arnold's religion is uniformly self-centred, for there are many passages which speak of a "way divine," of an "unseen power whose eye forever doth accompany mankind," of a "Friend of man ;" but habitual reference to such a power is not the characteristic of his poetry. And even when he does dwell upon it it is more than doubtful whether his pantheistic tendencies do not make him regard this power as merely the sum of the individual souls of mankind : —

We
Myriads who live, who have lived,
What are we all, but a mood,
A single mood, of the life
Of the Being in whom we exist,
Who alone is all things in one ?

We may be wronging Mr. Arnold in this; but whether pantheism or no, there are several passages in his poems which imply the loss of personality in death, and the reabsorption of soul into the one spirit. Yet at other times, notably in the lines to his father's memory, the contrary is suggested.

We have quoted, perhaps, to excess from Mr. Arnold's poems. But the thoughts which we have attempted to analyze cannot be better expressed than in Mr. Arnold's own language. There is a vagueness about the matter, and a pellucid clearness about the form of these poems that render it almost necessary to employ little but the poet's own words in presenting his thought. The matter is the matter, cloudy, varying, and intangible, of nineteenth-century speculation: the form is Greek in its exquisite lucidity and clearness. In reading these poems we are continually met by passages in which no word is superfluous, no phrase is jarring, but that which has to be expressed is expressed once for all. Such a stanza as

But each day brings its petty dust
Our soon-choked souls to fill,
And we forget because we must,
And not because we will,

takes us back from the age of word-paint-

ing and novel combinations in language and rhythm, of superabundant epithets and darkened meaning, to the age of Pope, or of Gray, when language was studied and yet clear, artificial and yet simple. Not Mr. Tennyson's richness of detail, not Mr. Browning's rugged power, not Mr. Swinburne's astonishing volume of words can afford to the jaded minds of modern readers the exquisite pleasure which is given by Mr. Arnold's self-restrained purity of language. And if, to correspond to this, there is not the "sad lucidity of soul" which he so much desires, and asserts that "fate" has given to the poet, we may ascribe the want in great measure to the "hopeless tangle of our age," though partly, no doubt, it is due to the vague and unsatisfactory character of the self-possession to which he strives to attain.

We would contrast with Mr. Arnold's tone of thought, with his hopes, his sympathies, and his beliefs, not one of the more definitely Christian poets such as Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning, nor one whose irreligion is as definite, such as Mr. Swinburne; but one whom Mr. Arnold would, we suppose, claim as a sympathizer in thought, and who was, indeed, much in the same perplexity and doubt, his friend, Arthur Hugh Clough.

He was one of those whose whole life was colored by the impressions received at Oxford during the stirring years 1837-42. Not one whose faith was raised and fortified by the discussions and the personal influences of the time, but one who, as he himself expressed it, was "like a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney" and afterwards left floating in the air without much of definite guidance or impulse. On first reading Clough's poems we seem to be in an atmosphere of doubt and of little else. Two of his longer poems are entirely occupied with the vacillations of mind which beset those who are starting on life's journey, and can see little before them but an uncertain road and a lowering sky. To one of these he has prefixed the motto, "*Il doutait de tout, même de l'amour*;" while the name of the other, "Dipsychus," expresses the state of division and wavering which seems to be the lot of "feeble and restless youths born to inglorious days." And the poet's characteristic humor, which is hardly absent from any of his poems, is not exactly a straightforward perception and enjoyment of the incongruities of life, with a consciousness all the while of the preponderating serious realities, but an irony, benevolent and nat-

ural, yet at times almost inscrutable, which makes the two sides of life seem inextricably confused. Most of his poems are concerned with the uprooting of old opinions, and share to the full the uncertainty that has invaded all provinces of thought; and his humorous irony tends to increase the appearance of utter confusion in which the world is lying. This causes the difficulty of really getting to the root of his meaning; he is not essentially dramatic like Mr. Browning, for he seldom hides himself behind the mask of another character; but the genial irony of his humor eludes at times any firm apprehension. Read such poems as the "*Amours de Voyage*," and especially the section beginning, —

Juxtaposition, in fine; and what is juxtaposition?

or the song of the spirit in "Dipsychus,"

There is no God, the wicked saith;

or the verses headed "*Wen Gott betrügt, ist wohl betrogen*," and the difficulty of disentangling the lines, so to speak, of Clough's thought will be evident. The humor is apparent on the surface, but it is not so easy to discover how deep it goes.

Clough, then, seems to be essentially the poet of doubt; more so, at first sight, than Mr. Arnold himself. It pervades his poems, and we do not find that, like Mr. Arnold, he seeks a refuge in the calm strength and certainty of nature, there to find the endurance so sorely needed; but he rather regards nature as a background to the mixed and confused drama of human life, which it cannot explain nor greatly relieve. His poems are mostly of purely human interest; even those which are speculative derive their impulse from the bearing of speculation on life and duty; and to fly from mankind to seek a higher teaching or a calmer security in nature would be foreign to Clough's instincts. Nature, indeed, is to him, as to Shakespeare or Chaucer (with whom Mr. Hutton has well compared him) an unfailling source of delight, but it is the childlike, unreflecting delight of an earlier period, something of the same kind of feeling as that which he describes in the "Piper" of the reading-party, who

Went, in his life and the sunshine rejoicing,
to Nuneham and Godstowe;

What were the claims of degree to those of
life and the sunshine?

Life and the sunshine pervade Clough's poems, but he finds no deep lessons in the

external beauty that he describes so well, nor does he dwell on nature for its own sake, but rather as the setting and accompaniment of human action. He can with genuine truth feel that

Life is beautiful, Eustace, entrancing, enchanting to look at;
As are the streets of a city we pace while the carriage is changing,
As a chamber filled in with harmonious exquisite pictures,

but it is human life that he means, and the thought is inspired by what he sees in the streets of Rome, not in the solitudes of nature. Still, the very unself-consciousness of his love of nature makes the feeling all the healthier and happier; there is much of the breeziness of a Scotch moor, or of the open sea, in his poems. It is a strong contrast after Mr. Arnold's cool English scenery, the river bank with its lapping wavelets and the trailing wild-flowers washed by the waters, to come upon Clough's glimpses of the burns descending to the "great still sea," and to feel the keen air of the salt breezes. In his two finest lyrics the chief image is taken from the sea, in the boundless expanse of which he seems to get a special inspiration, while his verse often reminds one of the freedom and motion of the waves. But we do not turn to Clough for an insight into the hidden meanings of nature, nor for a portrayal of the calm and easily overlooked beauties of the world, as we turn to Wordsworth or to Mr. Arnold. What then is the special interest of Clough as a poet?

We have said that he seems to be the poet of doubt, and in this he apparently resembles Mr. Arnold. But it is not only in their view of nature that the two Oxford poets differ; it is impossible to read them without being struck by the essentially different way in which the same intellectual and spiritual facts come before them. And this is especially noticeable in regard to the absorbing question of the certainty of religious truth. Mr. Arnold, as we have seen, is chiefly interested in it as affecting his own consciousness, and regrets the old faiths, and has no very joyous expectation of the future, because he is self-centred. With Clough all this is changed. There is no restless longing for a rest, which is only attainable by means of a sort of stoical endurance, but a strong, buoyant, and somewhat proud confidence in a final truth, and a determination to abide its appearance. Mr. Arnold and Clough are both waiting for what the

future shall bring forth; but, unlike the former, Clough waits for it in cheerful hope, not without sympathy for the past, but convinced that the ultimate manifestation will be vouchsafed to man in the future. Thus the different characteristics of the two poets are best illustrated by the differing modes in which they treat an almost identical subject. Both have written short poems on the subject of the final victory of good over evil, light over darkness, but the whole tone is entirely distinct. With Mr. Arnold the central idea is that of the individual soldier baffled and at last overcome in the struggle, and falling with a sort of sullen confidence in the final victory, which, however, seems to afford but little consolation in the prospect:—

Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said.
'Vain thy onset! all stands fast!
'Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee!
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged—and broke at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall.

In Clough's poem the individual, far from being the centre, is depicted as the only hindrance to the success of the whole cause; the strife is conceived as almost ended already, and the despondent fighter is rebuked:—

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

Nothing can be finer than the two images by which he expresses the character of the struggle; the third stanza brings before us at once the whole scene of an incoming tide, with that peculiar sense of the vastness and openness of the sea which distinguishes Clough. The contrast of the whole with the bitter and sarcastic resignation of Mr. Arnold's poem; the different conceptions of the struggle itself; in the one a confused, smoke-enshrouded contest, but in the open field, in the other desperate charges against strongly-held forts; the buoyant hope of victory in the one, and the careless, hardly-mentioned belief in it in the other; all these points afford us some insight into the very distinct characteristics of the two sceptical poets. The difference goes beyond the mere superficial treatment of a subject in a few stanzas; it pervades all their poems. And the fundamental distinction that underlies this superficial unlikeness will, we think, be found to be that while it is doubtful whether Mr. Arnold really holds to, or is possessed by the idea of anything external to himself, in Clough's poems numberless passages express not only his unshaken trust in God, but the great influence which his trust has on all his nature, upon every thought and emotion. And this is the more remarkable, because he cannot define him, or even conceive him.

I will not prate of "thus" and "so,"
And be profane with "yes" and "no,"
Enough that in our soul and heart
Thou, whatsoe'er Thou may'st be, art.

With a feeling which, to him at least, may have seemed to deserve in some measure our Lord's blessing on "those who have not seen, and yet have believed," he can exclaim, —

Be Thou but there — in soul and heart,
I will not ask to feel Thou art.

It is evident that this attitude in regard to truth is very different from Mr. Arnold's emotional and subjective estimate of it. And it is an attitude which, though it must be called one of suspense, must still be distinguished from scepticism; for though Clough rejects all definitions of God that have yet been promulgated, he does not take pride in believing in an indefinite being, whose only attribute is to be unknowable, but his faith is in a God whom hitherto man has been unable rightly to conceive, but who assuredly will reveal himself to us; and till he does so the poet can wait in patient confidence.

No God, no Truth, receive it ne'er —
Believe it ne'er — O Man!
But turn not then to seek again
What first the ill began;
No God, it saith; ah, wait in faith
God's self-completing plan;
Receive it not, but leave it not,
And wait it out, O Man!

The whole of this poem, "The New Sinai," is well worth studying, as a development of Clough's religious philosophy. God, he says, has already rebuked idolatry and polytheism by the declaration, "I am One;" he will hereafter rebuke both the new idolatries and "the atheistic systems dark," which have, like "baby-thoughts," dogged the growing man. Our duty is to wait, not in a forced endurance, but in the belief that

Some lofty part, than which the heart
Adopt no nobler can,
Thou shalt receive, thou shalt believe,
And thou shalt do, O Man!

The human soul, then, with Clough, is not the centre of the universe, to which all truth must be brought, the object for which all truth exists, but rather one of the attendants at the shrine of truth, of small interest compared with the paramount claims of some being external to us, who is truth and light. To this fact he clings, and here, diametrically opposed to Mr. Arnold, he finds relief from the confused turmoil of modern doubt and speculation.

It fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

If we bear in mind Clough's conviction that truth is something greater than his soul, and that there may be all the difference in the world between truth and his confused apprehension of it, we shall the better understand his relation to Christianity as a possible form of truth. Though he cannot accept the historical facts of the gospel, yet he is in no hurry to turn away and seek for a new religion. He is earnest in pleading for a humbler attitude of mind, and his complaint against the world is not that its scepticism has perturbed his soul's calm, but that in its hurry and carelessness it may have passed by some essential truth, and therefore he adjures his brother-men to pause: —

The souls of now two thousand years
Have laid up here their toils and fears,
And all the earnings of their pain, —
Ah, yet consider it again.

But though Clough's religious attitude is, at first sight, one of intellectual suspense, yet he does not hold truth to be perceptible to the intellect alone, or, at least, he is inclined to follow without reluctance the leadings of the emotions, even where the head cannot justify the conclusions of the heart. So in the wonderfully terse and thoughtful lines headed "Through a Glass Darkly," after suggesting as an alternative, which we know, from his whole tone of mind, he would have rejected with disdain, that we may

for assurance sake,
Some arbitrary judgment take,
And wilfully pronounce it clear,
For this or that 'tis we are here;

he declares that the hope which is given to us constrains in a manner our intellect:—

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive;

Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we
That ampler life together see,
Some true result will yet appear
Of what we are, together, here.

The close of these verses leads us to a further result of Clough's firm trust in some external reality, namely, his longing for "faithful" work upon earth, his belief that genuine labor in the cause of good will have its fruit, either here or elsewhere; and if not, why still it is work, and action is our duty. Even his hesitating heroes, who cannot for themselves decide on any course of action, can see the beauty of definite work, and he pronounces his decision for deeds done in behalf of something not ourselves, rather than for self-culture in words which he puts in the mouth of Dipsychus:—

Ah, not for profit, not for fame,
And not for pleasure's giddy dream,
And not for piping empty reeds,
And not for coloring idle dust;
If live we positively must,
God's name be blest for noble deeds.

This, too, is the moral of "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich;" that the beauty of life comes from its reality, that is, from the reality of the work which we can do on earth. But this is held without attacking culture in the one-sided way which is

so common. What he rejects is the false culture which proceeds on the assumption that the object of life is to perfect oneself without regard to the work which has to be done. Some are meant for beauty, others for "subduing the earth and their spirit," and both should do their work. In spite of the longing for simplicity of life, in spite of the superficial flavor of Rousseau in this poem, it is obvious that Clough is far from rejecting either education or civilization. The beauty of Elspie's nature could only be really seen by one who, like Philip, had "the knowledge of self, and wisely instructed feeling." The very form of the poem, the buoyant refinement which the irregular hexameters suggest, the free Scotch life with the accompaniment of academic study and speculation, combine to give us the impression of a mind subtle yet curiously simple, vigorous, though apparently distracted by speculative hesitation. And though the abundant humor of the poem makes it not easy to be sure how far Clough was speaking his own opinions through the mouths of his *dramatis personæ*, yet both in this and in his other two long poems, "Dipsychus" and "*Amours de Voyage*," we can hardly doubt that the poet has himself experienced the difficulties and questionings which he depicts. And if this be so it is remarkable how Clough, through all this wavering and cloudiness, never really loses his stand on the firm earth. In most of his speculative poems he brings us back at the close to the solid reality of life and duty, which in the earlier part he has been refining away. He does not solve the problems, but he is certain that there is a solution; and it matters not much whether he individually has the solution or not.

And as limited beings
Scarcely can hope to attain upon earth to an
Actual Abstract,
Leaving to God contemplation, to His hands
knowledge confiding,
Sure that in us if it perish, in Him it abideth
and dies not,
Let us in His sight accomplish our petty particular doings.

So, confident of this, he can afford to lose himself, as it would seem, in the subtle speculations of his poems, such as those which he well describes in "The Questioning Spirit," for they end with the thought,—

I know not, I will do my duty.

After apparently sharing fully in the doubts, and sympathizing with them, he

seldom fails, reverting to his secure standpoint, to rebuke the anxious intellect, and to point to that which, after all said, is unwavering and abiding. Take, for example, the fine conclusion of "The Stream of Life:"—

O end to which our currents tend,
Inevitable sea,
To which we flow, what do we know,
What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,
As we our course fulfil;
Scarce we divine a sun will shine
And be above us still.

Timid unbelief could hardly be more simply and forcibly rebuked; and yet by the very form of the rebuke, "scarce we divine," the poet shows that he enters into the feeling, that he sympathizes with the mind which is confused by the roar of the waves, though at the same time he knows and must point out that the sun is "above us still." For a similar return from the uncertain quagmire of sceptical rationalism to the firm ground of hope and trust, take "Epi-Straussium," in which he accepts the worst that criticism can do, and then points to the sun of truth which still illumines the building, even though it has risen too high for the "pictured panes."

The contrast between Clough and Mr. Arnold can be carried further than the broad differences as to truth and duty. In Mr. Arnold's view of human relations we find the inevitable hopelessness which we believe to be the result of the self-centred attitude of his mind:—

We leave behind —
As, chartered by some unknown Powers,
We stem across the sea by night—
The joys which were not for our use designed,
The friends to whom we had no natural right,
The homes that were not destined to be ours.

Clough, too, imagines separation of friends; he also represents life as a voyage; but what a difference in the tone! What a buoyant motion in the very measure, as of a great ship leaping forward before a strong wind!—

But, O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last unite them there!

His thoughts instinctively turn, after he

has felt the parting, to the final goal; the tone is that of joyful hope, while Mr. Arnold ends with calm sadness, looking at the present separation and loss, and at nothing beyond.

But perhaps the strongest contrast—and with this we will conclude—is to be found in their respective treatment of love. Mr. Arnold's we have seen; we have seen him resisting it, reluctantly giving way to the fascination, and wrenching his soul back to its loneliness once more. To Clough it is far more of an interest than it is to his fellow-poet. Many of his poems are occupied with the discussion of love in various aspects; and though this subject cannot escape from his subtle mind without undergoing, like all others, a process of refining away, yet generally in the end he reverts to an extremely simple, and, not conventional but, natural position; and at times raises the mingled selfishness and self-renunciation of love into a higher sphere by means of a lofty conception of duty, in the performance of which united lives are of more avail than solitary:—

Yet in the eye of life's all-seeing sun
We shall behold a something we have done,
Shall of the work together we have wrought,
Beyond our aspiration and our thought,
Some not unworthy issue yet receive;
For love is fellow-service, I believe.

Here we will conclude our examination of the deeper characteristics of these two poets. We have refrained as much as possible from criticising, in the more technical sense; our office has been to explain and to analyze, not to judge. No doubt, analysis and explanation involve, to a certain extent, criticism also; but we have endeavored to refrain, when dealing with men who are undoubtedly poets, and therefore have claims on our reverence, from that special function of modern criticism which consists in a fine perception of blemishes rather than beauties, which delights to tell its hearers not what the poet says, but what he does not say. As poetry, we will not criticise these writings; as containing schemes of life, we will only add, in conclusion, that Mr. Arnold stands self-condemned. From the general tone of his poems it is obvious that the sadness pervading the world remains in himself, in spite of the proud self-absorption which he extols as the remedy; and from one pathetic passage it would seem that he has at times a sense of the inconsistency between his professed object and his method, between the pantheistic absorption into nature at which he aims, and the studied

self-culture and isolation in which he would live:—

But mind—but thought—
If these have been the master part of us,
Where will *they* find their parent element?
What will receive *them*, who will call *them*
home?

But we shall still be in them, and they in us—
And we shall be the strangers of the world,
And they will be our lords, as they are now;
And keep us prisoners of our consciousness,
And never let us clasp and feel the All
But through their forms, and modes, and
stifling veils.

And we shall be unsatisfied as now;
And we shall feel the agony of thirst,
The ineffable longing for the life of life
Baffled forever; and still thought and mind
Will hurry us with them on their homeless
march,

Over the unallied unopening earth,
Over the unrecognized sea.

Self-culture cannot give us a religion;
not even the religion of pantheism. And
when we turn to Clough, we find that it is
precisely in proportion as he feels himself
able to cling to somewhat external to him
that he is hopeful, energetic, and religious.
Would it not therefore seem that, if these
poets be representatives of our age, no
teaching can satisfy it but that which will
give it something external and objective
wherein to rest; that no merely emotional,
introspective religion will loose the chains
which bind us, for they are the chains of
self; but that now, as of old, it is only
the truth that can make us free?

[Published by arrangement with HARPER & BROTHERS.]

MACLEOD OF DARE

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XVI.

REBELLION.

AND where was she now—that strange
creature who had bewildered and blinded
his eyes and so sorely stricken his heart?
It was, perhaps, not the least part of his
trouble that all his passionate yearning to
see her, and all his thinking about her and
the scenes in which he had met her, seemed
unable to conjure up any satisfactory vision
of her. The longing of his heart went
out from him to meet—a phantom. She
appeared before him in a hundred shapes,
now one, now the other; but all possessed

with a terrible fascination from which it
was in vain for him to try to flee.

Which was she, then—the pale and
sensitive and thoughtful-eyed girl who lis-
tened with such intense interest to the
gloomy tales of the northern seas; who
was so fine, and perfect, and delicate; who
walked so gracefully and smiled so sweet-
ly; the timid and gentle companion and
friend?

Or the wild coquette, with her arch, shy
ways, and her serious laughing, and her
befooling of the poor stupid lover? He
could hear her laugh now; he could see
her feed her canary from her own lips.
Where was the old mother whom that mad-
cap girl teased and petted and delighted?

Or was not this she—the calm and gra-
cious woman who received as a matter of
right the multitude of attentions that all
men—and women too—were glad to pay
her? The air fine about her; the south
winds fanning her cheek; the day long, and
balmy, and clear. The white-sailed boats
glide slowly through the water; there is a
sound of music and of gentle talk; a but-
terfly comes fluttering over the blue sum-
mer seas. And then there is a murmuring
refrain in the lapping of the waves: *Rose-
leaf—Rose-leaf—what faint wind will
carry you away to the south?*

Or this audacious Duchess of Devon-
shire, with the flashing black eyes, and a
saucy smile on her lips? She knows that
every one regards her; but what of that?
Away she goes through the brilliant throng
with that young Highland officer, with
glowing light and gay costumes and joyous
music all around her. What do you think
of her, you poor clown, standing all alone
and melancholy, with your cap and bells?
Has she pierced your heart too with a
flash of the saucy black eyes?

But there is still another vision; and
perhaps this solitary dreamer, who has no
eyes for the great slopes of Ben-an-Sloich
that stretch into the clouds, and no ears
for the soft calling of the sea-birds as they
wheel over his head, tries hardest to fix
this one in his memory. Here she is the
neat and watchful house-mistress, with all
things bright and shining around her; and
she appears, too, as the meek daughter
and the kind and caressing sister. Is it
not hard that she should be torn from this
quiet little haven of domestic duties and
family affection to be bound hand and foot
in the chains of art, and flung into the
arena to amuse that great ghoul-faced
thing, the public? The white slave does
not complain. While as yet she may she
presides over the cheerful table; and the

beautiful small hands are helpful, and that light morning costume is a wonder of simplicity and grace. And then the garden, and the soft summer air, and the pretty ways of the two sisters: why should not this simple, homely, beautiful life last forever, if only the summer and the roses would last forever?

But suppose now that we turn aside from these fanciful pictures of Macleod's and take a more commonplace one of which he could have no notion whatever? It is night — a wet and dismal night — and a four-wheeled cab is jolting along through the dark and almost deserted thoroughfares of Manchester. Miss Gertrude White is in the cab, and the truth is that she is in a thorough bad temper. Whether it was the unseemly scuffle that took place in the gallery during the performance, or whether it is that the streets of Manchester, in the midst of rain and after midnight, are not inspiring, or whether it is merely that she has got a headache, it is certain that Miss White is in an ill-humor, and that she has not spoken a word to her maid, her only companion, since together they left the theatre. At length the cab stops opposite a hotel, which is apparently closed for the night. They get out; cross the muddy pavements under the glare of a gas lamp; after some delay get into the hotel; pass through a dimly-lit and empty corridor; and then Miss White bids her maid good-night and opens the door of a small parlor.

Here there is a more cheerful scene. There is a fire in the room; and there is supper laid on the table; while Mr. Septimus White, with his feet on the fender and his back turned to the lamp, is seated in an easy-chair and holding up a book to the light so that the pages almost touch his gold-rimmed spectacles. Miss White sits down on the sofa on the dark side of the room. She has made no response to his greeting of "Well, Gerty?"

At length Mr. White becomes aware that his daughter is sitting there with her things on, and he turns from his book to her.

"Well, Gerty," he repeats, "aren't you going to have some supper?"

"No, thank you," she says.

"Come, come," he remonstrates, "that won't do. You must have some supper. Shall Jane get you a cup of tea?"

"I don't suppose there is any one up below; besides, I don't want it," says Miss White, rather wearily.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing," she answers; and then she

looks at the mantelpiece. "No letter from Carry?"

"No."

"Well, I hope you won't make her an actress, papa," observes Miss White, with no relevance, but with considerable sharpness in her tone.

In fact, this remark was so unexpected and uncalled-for that Mr. White suddenly put his book down on his knee, and turned his gold spectacles full on his daughter's face.

"I will beg you to remember, Gerty," he remarked, with some dignity, "that I did not make you an actress, if that is what you imply. If it had not been entirely your wish, I should never have encouraged you; and I think it shows great ingratitude, not only to me but to the public also, that when you have succeeded in obtaining a position such as any woman in the country might envy, you treat your good fortune with indifference, and show nothing but discontent. I cannot tell what has come over you of late. You ought certainly to be the last to say anything against a profession that has gained for you such a large share of public favor —"

"Public favor!" she said, with a bitter laugh. "Who is the favorite of the public in this very town? Why, the girl who plays in that farce — who smokes a cigarette, and walks round the stage like a man, and dances a breakdown. Why wasn't I taught to dance breakdowns?"

Her father was deeply vexed; for this was not the first time she had dropped small rebellious hints. And if this feeling grew, she might come to question his most cherished theories.

"I should think you were jealous of that girl," said he petulantly, "if it were not too ridiculous. You ought to remember that she is an established favorite here. She has amused these people year after year; they look on her as an old friend; they are grateful to her. The means she uses to make people laugh may not meet with your approval; but she knows her own business, doubtless; and she succeeds in her own way."

"Ah, well," said Miss White, as she put aside her bonnet, "I hope you won't bring up Carry to this sort of life."

"To what sort of life?" her father exclaimed angrily. "Haven't you everything that can make life pleasant? I don't know what more you want. You have not a single care. You are petted and caressed wherever you go. And you ought to have the delight of knowing that the further you advance in your art the further

rewards are in store for you. The way is clear before you. You have youth and strength; and the public is only too anxious to applaud whatever you undertake. And yet you complain of your manner of life."

"It isn't the life of a human being at all," she said boldly—but perhaps it was only her headache, or her weariness, or her ill humor, that drove her to this rebellion; "it is the cutting one's self off from every thing that makes life worth having. It is a continual degradation—the exhibition of feelings that ought to be a woman's most sacred and secret possession. And what will the end of it be? Already I begin to think I don't know what I am. I have to sympathize with so many characters—I have to be so many different people—that I don't quite know what my own character is, or if I have any at all—"

Her father was staring at her in amazement. What had led her into these fantastic notions? While she was professing that her ambition to become a great and famous actress was the one ruling thought and object of her life, was she really envying the poor domestic drudge whom she saw coming to the theatre to enjoy herself with her fool of a husband, having withdrawn for an hour or two from her house-keeping books and her squalling children? At all events, Miss White left him in no doubt as to her sentiments at that precise moment. She talked rapidly, and with a good deal of bitter feeling; but it was quite obvious, from the clearness of her line of contention, that she had been thinking over the matter. And while it was all a prayer that her sister Carry might be left to live a natural life, and that she should not be compelled to exhibit, for gain or applause, emotions which a woman would naturally lock up in her own heart, it was also a bitter protest against her own lot. What was she to become, she asked? A dram-drinker of fictitious sentiment? A ten-minutes' emotionalist? It was this last phrase that flashed in a new light on her father's bewildered mind. He remembered it instantly. So that was the source of inoperation?

"Oh, I see now," he said, with angry scorn. "You have learned your lesson well. A 'ten-minutes' emotionalist; I remember. I was wondering who had put such stuff into your head."

She colored deeply; but said nothing.

"And so you are taking your notion, as to what sort of life you would lead, from a Highland savage—a boor whose only

occupations are eating and drinking and killing wild animals. A fine guide, truly! He has had so much experience of æsthetic matters! Or is it *metaphysics* is his hobby? And what, pray, is his notion as to what life should be? That the noblest object of a man's ambition should be to kill a stag? It was a mistake for Dante to let his work eat into his heart; he should have devoted himself to shooting rabbits. And Raphael—don't you think he would have improved his digestion by giving up pandering to the public taste for pretty things, and taking to hunting wild boars? That is the theory, isn't it? Is that the *metaphysics* you have learned?"

"You may talk about it," she said, rather humbly, for she knew very well she could not stand against her father in argument, especially on a subject that he rather prided himself on having mastered, "but you are not a woman, and you don't know what a woman feels about such things."

"And since when have you made the discovery? What has happened to convince you so suddenly that your professional life is a degradation?"

"Oh," she said, carelessly "I was scarcely thinking of myself. Of course I know what lies before me. It was about Carry I spoke to you."

"Carry shall decide for herself, as you did; and when she has done so, I hope she won't come and blame me the first time she gets some ridiculous idea into her head."

"Now, papa, that isn't fair," the eldest sister said, in a gentler voice. "You know I never blamed you. I only showed you that even a popular actress sometimes remembers that she is a woman. And if she is a woman, you must let her have a grumble occasionally."

This conciliatory tone smoothed the matter down at once; and Mr. White turned to his book with another recommendation to his daughter to take some supper and get to bed.

"I will go now," she said, rather wearily, as she rose. "Good-night, papa—what is that?"

She was looking at a parcel that lay on a chair.

"It came for you, to-night. There was seven and sixpence to pay for extra carriage—it seems to have been forwarded from place to place."

"As if I had not enough luggage to carry about with me!" she said.

But she proceeded to open the parcel all the same, which seemed to be very care-

fully swathed in repeated covers of canvas. And presently she uttered a slight exclamation. She took up one dark object after another, passing her hand over them, and back again, and finally pressing them to her cheek.

"Just look at these, papa — did you ever in all your life see anything so beautiful?"

She came to a letter, too; which she hastily tore open and read. It was a brief note, in terms of great respect, written by Sir Keith Macleod, and begging Miss White's acceptance of a small parcel of otter-skins, which he hoped might be made into some article of attire. Moreover, he had asked his cousin's advice on the matter; and she thought there were enough; but if Miss White on further inquiry found she would rather have one or two more, he had no doubt that within the next month or so he could obtain these also. It was a very respectful note.

But there was no shyness or timidity about the manner of Miss White when she spread those skins out along the sofa, and again and again took them up to praise their extraordinary glossiness and softness.

"Papa," she exclaimed, "it is a present fit for a prince to make."

"I daresay you will find them useful."

"And whatever is made of them," said she, with decision, "that I shall keep for myself — it won't be one of my stage properties."

Her spirits rose wonderfully. She kept on chatting to her father about these lovely skins, and the jacket she would have of them. She asked why he was so dull that evening. She protested that she would not take any supper unless he had some too; whereupon he had a biscuit and a glass of claret, which at all events compelled him to lay aside his book. And then, when she had finished her supper, she suddenly said, —

"Now, pappy dear, I am going to tell you a great secret. I am going to change the song in the second act."

"Nonsense!" said he; but he was rather glad to see her come back to the interest of her work.

"I am," she said seriously. "Would you like to hear it?"

"You will wake the house up."

"And if the public expect an actress to please them," she said saucily, "they must take the consequences of her practising."

She went to the piano, and opened it. There was a fine courage in her manner

as she struck the chords and sang the opening lines of the gay song: —

"Threescore o' nobles rode up the king's ha',
But bonnie Glenogie's the flower o' them a',
Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonnie
black e'e,"

but here her voice dropped, and it was almost in a whisper that she let the maiden of the song utter the secret wish of her heart —

"*Glenogie, dear mither, Glenogie for me.*"

"Of course," she said, turning round to her father, and speaking in a business-like way, though there was a spice of proud mischief in her eyes, "there is a stumbling-block, or where would the story be? Glenogie is poor; the mother will not let her daughter have anything to do with him; the girl takes to her bed with the definite intention of dying."

She turned to the piano again.

"There is, Glenogie, a letter for thee,
Oh, there is, Glenogie, a letter for thee.
The first line he looked at, a light laugh
laughed he;
But ere he read through it, tears blinded his
e'e."

"How do you like the air, papa?"

Mr. White did not seem over well pleased. He was quite aware that his daughter was a very clever young woman; and he did not know what insane idea might have got into her head of throwing an allegory at him.

"The air," said he coldly, "is well enough. But I hope you don't expect an English audience to understand that doggerel Scotch."

"Glenogie understood it, anyway," said she, blithely, "and naturally he rode off at once to see his dying sweetheart."

"Pale and wan was she, when Glenogie gae'd
ben,
But rosy-red grew she when Glenogie sat
down.
She turned away her head, but the smile was
in her e'e,
'Oh, binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee.'"

She shut the piano.

"Isn't it charmingly simple and tender, papa?" she said, with the same mischief in her eyes.

"I think it is foolish of you to think of exchanging that piece of doggerel —"

"For what?" said she, standing in the middle of the room. "For this?"

And therewith she sang these lines — giving an admirable burlesque imitation of herself, and her own gestures, and her

own singing in the part she was then performing:—

"The morning bells are swinging, ringing,
Hail to the day!
The birds are winging, singing
To the golden day,
To the joyous day.
The morning bells are swinging, ringing,
And what do they say?
O bring my love to my love,
O bring my love to-day!
O bring my love to my love,
To be my love always!"

It certainly was cruel to treat poor Mrs. Ross's home-made lyric so; but Miss White was burlesquing herself as well as the song she had to sing. And as her father did not know to what lengths this iconoclastic fit might lead her, he abruptly bade her good night and went to bed, no doubt hoping that next morning would find the demon exorcised from his daughter.

As for her, she had one more loving look over the skins, and then she carefully read through the note that accompanied them. There was a smile on her face—perhaps of pleasure, perhaps of amusement at the simplicity of the lines. However, she turned aside, and got hold of a small writing-desk, which she placed on the table.

"Oh, here is, Glenogie, a letter for thee,"

she hummed to herself, with a rather proud look on her face, as she seated herself and opened the desk.

CHAPTER XVII.

"FHIR A BHATA!"

YOUNG Ogilvie had obtained some brief extension of his leave, but even that was drawing to a close; and Macleod saw with a secret dread that the hour of his departure was fast approaching. And yet he had not victimized the young man. After that first burst of confidence he had been sparing in his references to the trouble that had beset him. Of what avail, besides, could Mr. Ogilvie's counsels be? Once or twice he had ventured to approach the subject with some commonplace assurances that there were always difficulties in the way of two people getting married, and that they had to be overcome with patience and courage. The difficulties that Macleod knew of as between himself and that impossible goal were deeper than any mere obtaining of the consent of friends or the arrangement of a way of living. From the moment that the terri-

ble truth was forced on him he had never regarded his case but as quite hopeless; and yet that in no way moderated his consuming desire to see her—to hear her speak—even to have correspondence with her. It was something that he could send her a parcel of otter-skins.

But all the same, Mr. Ogilvie was in some measure a friend of hers. He knew her—he had spoken to her—no doubt when he returned to the south he would see her one day or another, and he would surely speak of the visit he had paid to Castle Dare. Macleod set about making that visit as pleasant as might be; and the weather aided him. The fair heavens shone over the windy blue seas; and the green island of Ulva lay basking in the sunlight; and as the old "Umpire," with her heavy bows parting the rushing waves, carried them out to the west, they could see the black skarts standing on the rocks of Gometra, and clouds of puffins wheeling round the dark and lonely pillars of Staffa; while away in the north, as they got clear of Treshanish Point, the mountains of Rum and of Skye appeared a pale and spectral blue, like ghostly shadows at the horizon. And there was no end to the sports and pastimes that occupied day after day. On their very first expedition up the lonely corries of Ben-an-Sloich young Ogilvie brought down a royal hart—though his hand trembled for ten minutes after he pulled the trigger. They shot wild-duck in Lock Scridain, and seals in Lock-na-Keal, and rock-pigeons along the face of the honey-combed cliffs of Gribun. And what was this new form of sport? They were one day being pulled in the gig up a shallow loch in hope of finding a brood or two of young mergansers, when Macleod, who was seated up at the bow, suddenly called to the man to stop. He beckoned to Ogilvie, who went forward, and saw, quietly moving over the seaweed, a hideously ugly fish with the flat head and sinister eyes of a snake. Macleod picked up the boat-hook, steadied himself in the boat, and then drove the iron spike down.

"I have him," he said. "That is the snake of the sea—I hate him as I hate a serpent."

He hoisted out of the water the dead dogfish, which was about four feet long, and then shook it back.

"Here, Ogilvie," said he, "take the boat-hook. There are plenty about here. Make yourself St. Patrick exterminating snakes."

Ogilvie tried the dogfish spearing with

more or less success; but it was the means of procuring for him a bitter disappointment. As they went quietly over the seaweed—the keel of the boat hissing through it and occasionally grating on the sand—they perceived that the water was getting a bit deeper, and it was almost impossible to strike the boat-hook straight. At this moment, Ogilvie, happening to cast a glance along the rocks close by them, started and seized Macleod's arm. What the frightened eyes of the younger man seemed to see was a great white and gray object lying on the rocks and staring at him with huge black eyes. At first it almost appeared to him to be a man with a grizzled and hairy face; then he tried to think of some white beast with big black eyes; then he knew. For the next second there was an unwieldy roll down the rocks, and then a heavy splash in the water; and the huge gray seal had disappeared. And there he stood helpless, with the boat-hook in his hand.

"It is my usual luck," said he, in despair. "If I had had my rifle in my hand, we should never have got within a hundred yards of the beast. But I got an awful fright. I never before saw a live seal just in front of one's nose like that."

"You would have missed him," said Macleod coolly.

"At a dozen yards?"

"Yes. When you come on one so near as that, you are too startled to take aim. You would have blazed away and missed."

"I don't think so," said Ogilvie, with some modest persistence. "When I shot that stag, I was steady enough, though I felt my heart thumping away like fun."

"There you had plenty of time to take your aim—and a rock to rest your rifle on." And then he added: "You would have broken Hamish's heart, Ogilvie, if if you had missed that stag. He was quite determined you should have one on your first day out; and I never saw him take such elaborate precautions before. I suppose it was terribly tedious to you; but you may depend on it it was necessary. There isn't one of the younger men can match Hamish, though he was bred a sailor."

"Well," Mr. Ogilvie admitted, "I began to think we were having a great deal of trouble for nothing; especially when it seemed as though the wind was blowing half a dozen ways in the one valley."

"Why, man," Macleod said, "Hamish knows every one of those eddies just as if they were all down on a chart. And he is very determined, too, you shall have

another stag before you go, Ogilvie; for it is not much amusement we have been giving you since you came to us."

"That is why I feel so particularly jolly at the notion of having to go back," said Mr. Ogilvie, with very much the air of a schoolboy at the end of his holiday. "The day after to-morrow, too."

"To-morrow, then, we will try to get a stag for you; and the day after you can spend what time you can at the pools in Glen Muick."

These two last days were right royal days for the guest at Castle Dare. On the deer-stalking expedition Macleod simply refused to take his rifle with him, and spent all his time in whispered consultations with Hamish, and with eager watching of every bird whose solitary flight along the mountain-side might startle the wary hinds. After a long day of patient and stealthy creeping, and walking through bogs and streams, and slow toiling up rocky slopes, the party returned home in the evening; and when it was found that a splendid stag—with brow, bay, and tray, and crockets complete—was strapped on to the pony, and when the word was passed that Sandy the red-haired and John from the yacht were to take back the pony to a certain well-known cairn where another monarch of the hills lay slain, there was a great rejoicing through Castle Dare, and Lady Macleod herself must needs come out to, shake hands with her guest and to congratulate him on his good fortune.

"It is little we have been able to do to entertain you," said the old silver-haired lady, "but I am glad you have got a stag or two."

"I knew what Highland hospitality was before I came to Castle Dare," said the boy modestly. "But you have been kinder to me even than anything I knew before."

"And you will leave the heads with Hamish," said she, "and we will send them to Glasgow to be mounted for you, and then we will send them south to you."

"Indeed, no," said he (though he was thinking to himself that it was no wonder the Macleods of Dare were poor); "I will not put you to any such trouble. I will make my own arrangements with Hamish."

"Then you will tell him not to forget Aldershot."

"I think, Lady Macleod," said the young lieutenant, "that my mess-companions will be sorry to hear that I have left Dare. I should think they ought to have drunk your health many times ere now."

Next day, moreover, he was equally successful by the side of the deep brown pools in Glen Muick. He was a pretty fair fisherman, though he had had but small experience with such a mighty engine of a rod as Hamish put into his hands. When, however, he showed Hamish the fine assortment of salmon flies he had brought with him, the old man only shook his head. Thereafter, whenever Hamish went with him, nothing was said about flies until they neared the side of the brawling stream that came pouring down between the gray rocks and the patches of moist brown moor. Hamish would sit down on a stone, and take out a tin box and open it. Then he would take a quick look round — at the aspect of the clouds, the direction of the wind, and so forth; and then, with a nimbleness that any one looking at his rough hands and broad thumbs would have considered impossible, would busk up a weapon of capture that soon showed itself to be deadly enough. And on this last day of Ogilvie's stay at Castle Dare he was unusually lucky — though of course there were one or two heart-rending mishaps. As they walked home in the evening — the lowering day had cleared away into a warm sunset, and they could see Colonsay, and Fladda, and the Dutchman's Cap, lying dark and purple on a golden sea — Ogilvie said, —

"Look here, Macleod, if you would like me to take one of these salmon for Miss White, I could take it as part of my luggage, and have it delivered at once."

"That would be no use," said he, rather gloomily. "She is not in London. She is at Liverpool or Manchester by this time. I have already sent her a present."

Ogilvie did not think fit to ask what; though he had guessed.

"It was a parcel of otter-skins," Macleod said. "You see, you might present that to any lady — it is merely a curiosity of the district — it is no more than if an acquaintance were to give me a chip of quartz he had brought from the Rocky Mountains with a few grains of copper or silver in it."

"It is a present any lady would be glad to have," observed Mr. Ogilvie, with a smile. "Has she got them yet?"

"I do not know," Macleod answered. "Perhaps there is not time for an answer. Perhaps she has forgotten who I am, and is affronted at a stranger sending her a present."

"Forgotten who you are!" Ogilvie exclaimed; and then he looked round to see that Hamish and Sandy the red-haired

were at a convenient distance. "Do you know this, Macleod? A man never yet was in love with a woman without the woman being instantly aware of it."

Macleod glanced at him quickly; then turned away his head again, apparently watching the gulls wheeling high over the sea — black spots against the glow of the sunset.

"That is foolishness," said he. "I had a great care to be quite a stranger to her all the time I was in London. I myself scarcely knew — how could she know? Sometimes I thought I was rude to her, so that I should deceive myself into believing she was only a stranger."

Then he remembered one fact, and his downright honesty made him speak again.

"One night, it is true," said he — "it was the last night of my being in London — I asked a flower from her. She gave it to me. She was laughing at the time. That was all."

The sunset had gone away, and the clear northern twilight was fading too, when young Ogilvie, having bade good-by to Lady Macleod and her niece Janet, got into the broad-beamed boat of the fishermen, accompanied by his friend. There was something of a breeze, and they hoisted a lug-sail so that they should run out to meet the steamer. Donald the piper lad was not with them: Macleod wanted to speak to his friend Ogilvie as he was leaving.

And yet he did not say anything of importance. He seemed to be chiefly interested in finding out whether Ogilvie could not get a few days' leave about Christmas, that he might come up, and try the winter shooting. He was giving minute particulars about the use of arsenic paste when the box of skins to be despatched by Hamish reached London. And he was discussing what sort of mounting should be put on a strange old bottle that Janet Macleod had presented to the departing guest. There was no word of that which lay nearest his heart.

And so the black waves rolled by them; and the light at the horizon began to fade; and the stars were coming out one by one; while the two sailors forward (for Macleod was steering) were singing to themselves, —

Fhìr a bhata (na h-òrò eile)

Fhìr a bhata (na h-òrò eile)

Fhìr a bhata (na h-òrò eile)

Chead soirè slann leid ge thobh a theid u;

that is to say, —

O boatman,
And boatman,
And boatman,

A hundred farewells to you wherever you may go!

And then the lug-sail was hauled down; and they lay on the lapping water; and they could hear all around them the soft callings of the guillemots and razor-bills, and other divers whose home is the heaving wave. And then the great steamer came up and slowed; and the boat was hauled alongside, and young Ogilvie sprang up the slippery steps.

"Good-by, Macleod!"

"Good-by, Ogilvie! Come up at Christmas!"

The great bulk of the steamer soon floated away, and the lug-sail was run up again, and the boat made slowly back for Castle Dare. "*Fhir a bhata!*" the men sung; but Macleod scarcely heard them. His last tie with the south had been broken.

But not quite. It was about ten o'clock that night that word came to Castle Dare that Dugald the post had met with an accident that morning while starting from Bunnellan; and that his place had been taken by a young lad who had but now arrived with the bag. Macleod hastily looked over the bundle of newspapers, etc., they brought him, and his eager eye fell on an envelope, the writing on which made his heart jump.

"Give the lad a half-crown," said he.

And then he went to his own room. He had the letter in his hand; and he knew the handwriting; but there was no wind of the night that could bring him the mystic message she had sent with it,—

"Oh here is, Glenogie, a letter for thee!"

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.*

Few men have left behind them a fairer or more enviable reputation than Dr. Arnold. He died at the age of forty-seven, and was head master at Rugby for only fourteen years; yet that brief life exercised a powerful influence, not only upon the generation to which he belonged, but still more upon that which has succeeded him; and in those fourteen years he achieved a work of almost immeasurable

usefulness and importance. The sermons preached during this crowning epoch of his life have now been collected in six volumes by the loving care of his eldest daughter, Mrs. W. E. Forster. They are admirably arranged and edited. Those of the previously published sermons which had least of permanent value and interest have been excluded from the collection, and there can be little doubt that in their present form they will take their final and permanent place in English literature. The publication of this edition is the greatest service which has been rendered to the memory of a great and good man since the Dean of Westminster wrote that admirable "Life of Dr. Arnold" which has served to perpetuate his work, and has been deservedly welcomed as perhaps the best biography of recent times.

Some books may almost be said, without a paradox, to die of their own immortality. They do their work so effectually as to render themselves needless, and they are effaced because the thoughts to which they gave original expression have become the common heritage of even the least original minds. The unfamiliar views of one decade often pass into the common-places of the next, and the reputed heresies of our youth are sometimes the accepted orthodoxies of our manhood. The remark is illustrated, both by these sermons of Dr. Arnold and by those of the eminent contemporary with whom he often found himself in respectful antagonism. When we read the sermons of Dr. Newman, we admire the subtlety of their insight, the loftiness of their spirituality, the *curiosa felicitas* of a style which, while it often seems to aim at an almost bald simplicity, keeps us spell-bound with an unaccountable fascination. Yet so completely have the religious thoughts, and even the phraseology, of "Mr. Newman of Oriel," passed into our current homiletic literature, so familiar has even his peculiar pronunciation and method of delivery become, that we can hardly account for the fact that his sermons were once regarded with intense suspicion, and were believed by large sections of the Church to teem with the subtlest insinuations of dangerous heresy. Different in all respects as were the sermons of Dr. Arnold, a similar remark applies to them. He says: "It would be affectation were I to dissemble my knowledge that these volumes will be received in many quarters with a strong prejudice against them;"* and he evidently anti-

* *Arnold's Sermons*. In Six Volumes. New Edition, Revised by his Daughter, Mrs. W. E. Forster. Longmans.

pates that they will have so far diverged from the accurate intonation of the then prevailing shibboleths, that they will be charged with being "latitudinarian." Few who now read them without traditional bias would think of reviving so obsolete a charge. When we read in the introductions to the various volumes, a plea that Christians should get over their extreme reluctance to admit the principles of Christianity into the concerns of common life, and not "ridicule as visionary and impracticable" an application of its spirit to their every-day practice,* we feel what a change has come over the popular views on such subjects. In these days we could hardly think it needful to argue that "a sermon addressed to Englishmen in the nineteenth century, should be very different from one addressed to Englishmen in the sixteenth, or even in the eighteenth;" or that it is most undesirable to reserve, for the use of religious exhortation, a stereotyped and conventional phraseology. The sermon on "The Unity of the Spirit" † might be preached in these days without its occurring to any critic that it would needlessly encourage an excessive indifference as to variety of religious opinions, and too low an estimate of the advantages of agreement even in the outward forms of Christianity. The famous sermons on "Moral Thoughtfulness," and those on "The Temptations of School Life," have had so many successors which are even stronger and plainer in their language, that, had they been preached in these days, they would have produced no further impression than such as was created by the noble and commanding personality of him who uttered them. Under these circumstances it might have been considered needless to collect and edit the sermons in any other form than those in which they have been hitherto accessible. Yet we cannot but rejoice on many grounds that this edition has been published. The sermons deserve preservation in the best possible form, not only because they belong to the history of English social life, in that phase of it which is most characteristic, and of which we have most reason to be proud; not only as having inaugurated a new form of literature, which, however humble, may tend to results of priceless value; not only because they throw light on the mind and character of a brave, enlightened, and noble-hearted teacher; but even from their own intrinsic merits. The truths which

Arnold was the first to bring into prominence, in such aspects of them as bore most directly upon the life of public schools, have, since his time, found frequent expression, but have never been expressed in directer or manlier language. Even in style his sermons were fresh, forcible, and in the highest sense, eloquent. More than once, indeed, Arnold speaks of his style in a tone of apology. "In point of style," he says, "these sermons are wholly devoid of pretension; for my main object was to write intelligibly, and, if I have succeeded in this, I must be contented to be censured for much homeliness, and perhaps awkwardness of expression, which I had not the skill to avoid."* But if a man's style be but perfectly sincere, and perfectly natural, he can never alter it to advantage, nor is he likely to express in any better way the truths which he has to deliver. The very "defects" of his style may thus be "effective," and few men had less need than Arnold to apologize for any deficiencies in expression. His style is a very model of strength and straightforwardness, of lucid reasoning and manly good sense. As he was original in desiring to apply "the language of common life to the cases of common life, but ennobled and strengthened by those principles and feelings which are found only in the gospel," so there are no better specimens of this method of preaching than those which he has furnished. Arnold wrote his Rugby sermons for the most part between morning and afternoon service, and preached them before the ink was well dry on the last page. It is to this very fact that much of their charm and force is due. A man whose mind was less fresh, and pure, and strong, could not do this; but Arnold's thoughts were well-matured, and were held with a grasp unusually firm, and the rapidity with which they were thrown into form gave them all the eloquence which springs from the emotion of the moment, so that they have something of the fire and rapidity of the extempore orator. Arnold was too sure of the truth and value of what he had to say to need any ornament in its expression. He never seeks an illustration; he never consciously elaborates a closing paragraph. But when he does use an illustration, it is often an exceedingly happy one; and when his style rises to a more impassioned strain, it reaches a high level of natural eloquence. What can be more forcible than the com-

* Vol. i., p. viii.
† Vol. i., p. 50.

* Vol. i., p. viii.

parison — perhaps the longest in these six volumes, and one so applicable to thousands at this period — of the condition of fallen man to that of “men who are bewildered in those endless forests of reed which line some of the great American rivers,”* in danger from the venomous snakes and the deadly malaria, ignorant of the path, and “in doubt whether the tangled thicket in which they are placed has any end at all; whether the whole world is not such a region of death as the spot in which they are actually prisoned; whether their fond notions of a clear and open space, a pure air, and a fruitful and habitable country, are not altogether imaginary; whether there remains anything for them but to curse their fate, and lie down and die.”† What again can be better than this? “As the vessels in a harbor, and in the open sea without it, may be seen swinging with the tide at the same moment in opposite directions; the ebb has begun in the roadstead, while it is not yet high water in the harbor; so one or more nations may be in advance of or behind the general tendency of their age, and from either cause may be moving in the opposite direction.” And to take passages in which there is no illustration, what boy with a heart in him could have listened unmoved to such sermons as the two on “Christian Schools,”‡ or to the noble and stirring appeal, a rare example of glowing emotion expressed in the language of perfect self-control, which concludes the stern, yet touching, sermon on “Death and Salvation”?§ Sermons like these will never become obsolete. There is not one master of any public school in England who might not profit from the study of them. There is not one, I suppose, who would not admit that as these are among the earliest specimens in our literature of school sermons, so even in a generation which possesses Bishop Cotton’s Marlborough sermons, and Dr. Vaughan’s “Memorials of Harrow Sundays,” they still remain the best models of what school sermons ought to be. One, at any rate, who once had the honor of being a headmaster, may be allowed the humble testimony that he would have hailed these volumes, had they appeared a year or two ago, with the deepest gratitude, and might have reaped from them advantages which he regrets never to have possessed.

It must not, however, be supposed that

the majority of these sermons would only be valuable to schoolmasters. It is one distinct element of their merit that very many of them do not bear directly upon school life at all; and that even when they were addressed to youthful audiences, they aimed at awakening interests which extended far beyond the narrow horizon of boyish vision. Three especially of these volumes — the third, fourth, and sixth — have a permanent theological value, and the notes and introductions to them might be read with great profit by many of our clergy as the best possible antidote to prevalent errors. The merits and influence of Arnold as a theologian have, I think, been underrated. At any rate I can recall but few modern clergymen whose opinions would furnish a more wholesome study. The note of disestablishment has been clearly heard, and nothing can avert that national disaster so surely and so satisfactorily as a timely wisdom and liberality on the part of Churchmen. Already the increase of diligence and faithfulness and devotion among the clergy have won for their entire order a respect which, but for other circumstances, would have gone very far to disarm all semblance of national, and almost of political, hostility. But side by side with this wide, self-denying energy has grown up a spirit of clericalism and sacerdotalism, which, unless checked, will be socially and religiously fatal to the existence of the Established Church. By clericalism I mean that elaborate separation from the laity which is but too plainly symbolized by peculiarities of dress, pronunciation, and bearing; and which, in its occasional developments, is made the excuse for that charge of effeminacy so unjustly brought against the clergy. But this effeminacy, if it can fairly be charged at all against any of the clergy in social matters, is less common, and far less injurious, than the timidity of thought, the cowardice in the expression of opinion, the dread of diverging a hairsbreadth from the current “orthodoxy,” the want of fearless independence and honest forthrightness, the tendency to run in well-oiled grooves, the conventionalism of language which serves to cloak real divergences of opinion, the adoption of a phraseology purely professional — in one word, the want of perfect reality, naturalness, and manly independence — which may at times be noted as a grave fault in some of our ordinary theological literature. To read Arnold’s sermons, after reading too many of those which are now in vogue, is like passing out of the conservatory into

* Vol. iv., p. ii.

† Vol. iv., p. x.

‡ Vol. v., pp. 40-62.

§ Vol. v., p. 155.

the free air and eager breeze of heaven. And if the faults to which I have alluded be what is commonly meant by "clericalism," then "sacerdotalism" is its still more dangerous kinsman. By sacerdotalism I mean the assumption of supernatural privileges of such a kind as to glorify and elevate the individual and his order, to identify the Church more and more with the clergy, and to substitute the word "priest" in all its sacrificial, heathen, and mediæval connotations for the word in its sense of "presbyter," in which sense alone it is recognized by the New Testament, and by the English Church. To this social tendency, and this religious corruption, Arnold was a brave and uncompromising though a perfectly courteous and considerate foe. The manner of his controversial essays is as commendable as the matter is forcible. He never descends for one moment to that coarse and bitter railing by which fanatical ignorance strives to conceal the utter absence of ability and knowledge.

While directing many a powerful blow against the principles of the Oxford school, Arnold always spoke of the individual writers of that school not only with perfect kindness but even with sympathy and respect. Yet all his principles made him the severe opponent of every practice and theory which tended to draw ineradicable lines of distinction between the clergy and the laity. Want of intellectual manliness is the very last charge which any one could ever have brought against Thomas Arnold. There was nothing exotic about his sentiments, nothing conventional about his language. He was a model for all clergymen in this respect more than all others, that — like Canon Kingsley — he was every inch a man. And he had the faith of a man in all its vigor — the faith which would have scorned any mere respectful complaisance at the hands of an opponent — the faith which desired the pure air of heaven and the clear light of day. If there was one thing which he detested more than another it was an insincere argument. He saw no sanctity in pretentious incompetence. Ignorance never appeared to him any the more venerable because it uttered its dicta as from an oracle. He earnestly labored to destroy that unchristian superstition which, as a necessary consequence of straining at the gnat, forever swallows the camel. Clearly perceiving that the business of a theologian consists in the twofold work of interpreting the Scriptures and of applying them, — of which the first requires a study of criticism and philology,

and the second a knowledge of our own and former times, together with the general constitution of the human mind and character, — he had but little respect for a large proportion of what is called divinity, and openly stated his opinion that the writings of unqualified divines were in theology particularly worthless. Arnold here hit upon a temptation to which some religious teachers are particularly liable. Accustomed to teach authoritatively, and to have their utterances accepted as authoritative by the majority of those immediately around them, they have been too apt in all ages to assume for themselves a monopoly of orthodoxy, and to attach a most extravagant importance to the assertion of their individual opinions, and that too on subjects with which they do not even possess an elementary acquaintance. We who are clergymen should not resent the warning that the intensity of our prejudices is no true measure of the value of our convictions, and that no spectacle is more saddening than that of

Blind Authority beating with his staff
The child that might have led him ;

or that of ignorance taking itself for infallibility, and anathematizing what it does not understand. Against such dangers — increased a thousandfold in those who breathe that intoxicating incense of support and flattery which is weekly burned for their adherents by our party religious newspapers — the writings of Arnold will form an admirable preservative. It is impossible, in the brief space at my disposal, to analyze his remarks on the value of historical study to all who are called upon to preach ; but how different would have been the tone and the writings of some of our clergy if they had followed the advice given in the introduction to the "Sermons on Christian Life and Doctrine !" How unspeakably might many of them have profited by turning away from the perilous employment of perpetually contemplating narrow-mindedness and weakness in conjunction with much of piety and goodness, by turning to the great springs of truth, human and divine — to the Scriptures to remind us that Christianity is in itself wholly free from the foolishness thrown round it by some of its professors ; to the great writers of human genius, to save us from viewing the Scriptures themselves through the medium of ignorance and prejudice, and lowering them by our perverse interpretations in order to make them countenance our errors.*

* Vol. iii., p. xiii. seq.

All of us might learn a lesson of lifelong value if we would merely accept the advice which Arnold gave forty years ago — never to lay aside the greatest works of human genius of whatever age or country; to read the lives of the saints, and good Christian biography of all ages; not to misquote and misinterpret Scriptures by harping on isolated texts without sufficiently exercising our minds to master the meaning of profound and difficult writers; and to acquire comprehensive views of large portions of the sacred volume taken together.

It would carry me too far were I to speak of Arnold's views — liberal and enlightened as they were — on the true relations of Church and State, and his condemnation of that fatal tendency to which he does not hesitate to apply the term "the antichrist of priesthood." He held that the main truth of the Christian religion barred for all time the very notion of a mediatorial or sacrificial priesthood. He held that there was and could be but one priesthood — that of Christ; and one mediator — the Man Christ Jesus; and that there was no point of the priestly office *properly so called* in which the claim of the earthly priest was not absolutely precluded. There is no place at all for such a priest for *sacrifice*, since there is but one atoning sacrifice which has once been offered; nor yet for *intercession*, since there is One who ever liveth to make intercession for us. A priesthood in the sense in which that term is used by some modern Ritualists, Arnold regards as a high dishonor to our true priest — the Lord Jesus Christ.

But, leaving this subject, we must at least allude to the influence which Arnold exercised as a theologian. There may be some who will grudge him any such title, and if by a theologian is merely to be meant one who has busied himself with scholastic technicalities and transcendental metaphysics, then he would have been the first to repudiate the name. But it will be a disastrous day for theology when it comes to be identified with a range of inquiry so narrow, so dubious, and so unpractical; and if *he* is a theologian who wisely guides the religious views of churches, then Arnold has far more claim to be so regarded than "a hundred would-be's of the modern day." The clamor with which his opinions were received reminds us of Milton's lines —

Men whose faith, learning, life and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem by
Paul,

Must now be called and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call.

Arnold's main contributions to theology in these volumes are the essays on the "Interpretation of Prophecy," and on the "Interpretation of Scripture." On both subjects his views are now maintained by most thinking men. As regards prophecy, he saw that prediction is wholly subordinate to moral teaching, and that the mere announcement of events yet future is the lowest part of the prophet's office, being indeed rather its sign than its substance. The prophets dealt with eternal principles, not with chronological combinations. To startle the deathlike slumbers of selfishness, to fan the dying embers of patriotism, to curb the base oppression of power, to startle the sensual apathy of unbelief, were the prophets' noblest functions; nor is it possible to gather from these inspired poets a single prediction in which some deep moral purpose, some profound spiritual lesson is not involved. The school of interpretation which lays stress on material details met with no sympathy from Arnold, because he saw that such a method of illustration was often "accidental, generally disputable, and theoretically false." "It is a very misleading notion of prophecy if we regard it as an anticipation of history. . . . It is anticipated history, not in our common sense of the word, but in another and far higher sense. . . . It fixes the attention on principles, on good and evil, on truth and falsehood, on God and his enemy. . . . The earliest prophecy of Scripture is the sum and substance of the whole language of prophecy, how diversified soever in its particular forms." On these points, and on the ever-widening horizons of prophetic fulfilment, the reader will find many wise remarks in illustration of Arnold's fundamental principle that the prophets did not in the first instance cast themselves into the ocean of futurity; that the forms of their prophecies belong to their own times, the spirit of them to times that were to come; that their words have not only an historical sense originating in contemporary circumstances, but also a spiritual sense, "worthily answering to the magnificence of their language, but in its details of time, place, and circumstance indistinct to them; nay — as we still see through a glass darkly — indistinct, when it rises highest, even to us."*

Arnold's views of the interpretation of Scripture were marked by the same rev-

erent sincerity and masculine wisdom. The dishonoring literalism which will defend even the most pernicious custom if some text can be quoted in its apparent favor; the ignorant unwisdom which strews the paths of social and moral progress with stumbling-blocks wrenched out of the sacred page; the irreligious religion which depraves God's best gift in support of man's worst inventions — these bad traditions still survive, and if they no longer flourish, they yet continue to be powerful for evil even in their decay. But to Arnold is due in no small degree the merit of having dealt to them their death-blow in the minds of reasonable men. His essay on this subject is stamped with the same high characteristics as his other writings, — calmness, courage, clearness, perfect consideration for the feelings of others. He points out the *impossibility* of rightly comprehending Scripture if we read it as we read the Koran, as though it were in all its parts of equal authority, all composed at one time, and all addressed to persons similarly situated.* He fearlessly exposes the incompetence of the majority of commentators, who are too often greatly insufficient in knowledge and still more so in judgment, "often misapprehending the whole difficulty of a question, often answering it by repeating the mere assertions of others, and confounding the proper provinces of the intellect and the moral sense, so as to make questions of criticism questions of religion, and to brand as profane inquiries to which the character of profaneness or devotion is altogether inapplicable." He laid down the broad principles that commands given in the Bible to one man or to one generation are, and can be, binding upon other men and other generations, only so far forth as the circumstances in which both are placed are similar; and that the revelations of God to man were gradual, and adapted to his state at the several periods when they were successively made. This principle of "accommodation" is liable indeed to grave abuse, but it is a principle distinctly recognized by Christ himself, and it will be always safely applied by strong and honest natures. Whether the reader be always inclined or not to accept the solutions which throughout this volume on Scriptural interpretation are offered for various moral and other difficulties of Scripture, he will not fail to profit by the fearless honesty with which they were met, and he will see them treated as though

they were neither to be spoken of with bated breath, nor regarded as in any way dangerous to religion. In point of fact Arnold was a wise interpreter of Scripture, and a wise defender of Christian verity, because he clearly apprehended the truth on which his son, Mr. Matthew Arnold, has dwelt — less persuasively indeed, because from an immensely different standpoint, and with a large admixture of other elements, but with consummate literary skill. Even the rabbis and Talmudists could see, and could state, in direct opposition to their own methods of exegesis, that *the law speaks in the tongue of the sons of men*. The meaning of that maxim is that, in all interpretation of Scripture, allowances must be made for the human element; for that factor of the divine message which is tinged with the writer's individuality; for the necessary and inherent imperfections of all earthly expression; for the use of metaphor and hypallage and hyperbole, and that impassioned style of utterance which rejects the possibility of a wooden and soulless letter-worship; for the absurdities which arise when we turn the swift syllogisms of natural rhetoric with all their impetuous force into the hard syllogisms of unemotional logic; for the fact, in short, that human language, at its very best and greatest, is, and can be, but an asymptote to thought, and that this must more than ever be borne in mind when we deal in finite speech with conceptions which are infinite. Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the rabbinic maxim which I have quoted "the very foundation of sane Biblical criticism," though, as he truly adds, "it was for centuries a dead letter to the whole body of our western exegesis, and is a dead letter to the whole body of our popular exegesis still." No man can mistake the elements of a saving faith; even a wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot possibly err in deducing from the Scriptures all that is necessary for salvation. But when we pass from questions of practical religion to questions of Biblical interpretation it is not too much to say that every commentator, however learned, must go egregiously astray if he be devoid of literary culture. Exegesis is a domain from which mere ignorant convictions, even when they claim to speak *ex cathedra*, must be remorselessly expelled. Mr. Arnold has rendered a memorable service by the incontrovertible clearness with which he has proved this proposition, and in dwelling upon its importance he is, in one particular direction, continuing the theological influence of his illustrious father.

* Vol. ii., p. 280 seq.

I have dwelt on the position of Dr. Arnold as a Churchman and as a theologian because in these spheres his merits are but partially recognized, whereas none deny, and all are grateful for, the reformation which he effected in English schools. To dwell on that reformation — its nature, its extent, its beneficence, the methods by which it was accomplished — is not possible in this paper, but those who are familiar with school life will be able with the aid of these volumes to trace it for themselves. Certain it is that English schools have undergone a very marked change for the better during the fifty years which have elapsed since he was elected head master of Rugby. Those changes have carried with them a change also of our whole social life. They began to work from the very day when — to recall the scene so beautifully described in the grateful pages of Arnold's two eminent pupils, Dean Stanley and Mr. T. Hughes — in the then mean and unsightly chapel of Rugby School, dimly lighted by the two candles of the pulpit, were seen above the long lines of youthful faces the strong form and noble face of the greatest of English schoolmasters, and the voice was heard, "now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light infantry bugle, of him who stood there Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord." To trace the course and the issues of this social reformation might be an interesting task; but at present, as one of the least worthy of those who in a similar office to Arnold's own would fain have caught something of his spirit, I can but lay upon the base of his statue a wreath of respectful gratitude. Few teachers have arisen since his death who could reach high enough to place that wreath around his brow.

Ut caput in magnis ubi non est tangeret signis
Ponitur hic imos ante corona pedes.

F. W. FARRAR.

From The Popular Science Review.

THE CHINA-CLAY INDUSTRY OF CORNWALL AND DEVON.

BY J. H. COLLINS, F.G.S., SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION OF CORNWALL.

TRAVELLERS by the Great Western Railway in the west of England, after crossing the great Albert Bridge at Saltash, passing over the tree-tops in the deep valleys about Liskeard, and leaving the

deserted copper mines of St. Blazey and Par on their right hand, usually observe truckloads of peculiar white substances occupying the sidings, and are especially struck with the whiteness of the streams crossed by the railway — which closely resemble rivers of milk.*

Naturally they begin to ask what it means, and the writer has often been amused by the gravity with which some fellow-traveller, who seems to think it disgraceful to confess ignorance on any subject whatever, vaguely talks of lime, or more boldly of chalk. Perhaps some native happens to be present, who politely assures him that he is in error — that neither chalk nor lime are present in any form — and that the peculiar whiteness is caused by a refuse product from the china-clay works in the vicinity. This of course settles the question usually; but if the original querist happens to be inquisitive or persistent, he soon finds that the native in most cases is entirely ignorant of the methods of working, the extent of the works, and the uses of the product, and if this is true of the intelligent native, still more is it true of the general public. Out of Cornwall it is a rare chance to find either commercial men, or even scientific geologists, who have any knowledge whatever of the peculiar industry which characterizes many parts of Cornwall and Devon, and especially the centre of Cornwall. Yet this industry is interesting in itself, employs a large number of men, and supplies every year more than two hundred thousand tons of the dazzling white clay, which never fails to attract the attention of tourists.

The object of the present paper is to describe the salient features of this industry. Most people know that "china" was first brought by the Portuguese from China — hence the name. It was called by them *porcellano*, because it was supposed to be fabricated from sea shells; hence the term "porcelain;" but no real knowledge was obtained of the materials used until the publication of the reports of the Jesuit father D'Entrecolles, in 1712, and of Count Réaumur, in 1729. These reports led to the establishment of the manufactories at Dresden, Sevres, and Plymouth — the last-named having been established in 1733. Up to 1745, the fine porcelain materials used in the Plymouth works were imported; but soon after that time, Mr. Cookworthy, the founder of the works,

* Notwithstanding the apparent opacity of the water from suspended particles of clay and mica, I have seen trout eight or nine inches long taken from these streams.

discovered "kaolin" (which he calls growan clay, now called china clay), and the "petuntze" (called by him growan or moorstone, and now known as china stone), similar to or identical with that used by the Chinese, in several parts of Cornwall in great abundance. In conjunction with Lord Camelford, he took out a patent for the use of these materials in 1768. How these materials are used in the manufacture of porcelain, earthenware, and more recently in many other British manufactures, forms no part of the subject of the present paper—this is limited to a description of the modes of occurrence and of preparation of the china clay and china stone.

China clay is prepared by washing a peculiarly white decomposed granite, which occurs very largely in the granite district, north of St. Austell, as well as in many other parts of Cornwall—and also in Devon. This natural china clay rock, which has been elsewhere called "carclazte," is simply a granite composed of white or pale smoky quartz, white mica (lepidolite), sometimes a little greenish-yellow gilbertite, and white felspar, *in which the latter is partly or completely metamorphosed into kaolin*. This modification of granite occurs in areas of irregular form, generally much elongated in one direction, and extending to an unknown depth. It is in the west of England universally associated with quartzose and schorlaceous veins—evidently of later origin than the rock itself—which sometimes also contain oxide of tin. The greatest extension of the decomposed granite coincides with the "run" or "bearing" of the veins, and is more complete as the vein is followed downwards in depth.*

Many of the so-called "deposits" of clay extend for a distance of a quarter of a mile, half a mile, or even more, in the direction of the veins, while their breadth may be only a few inches, and seldom exceeds a few fathoms. It is true that very wide masses of china clay are wrought in many places, but these are invariably associated with a group of parallel veins.

The granite rock is usually covered by a layer, from four to thirty feet thick, of brown or yellow sandy earth, often full of

angular pieces of hard granite, schorl rock, tourmaline schist, with sometimes a little tin ore, etc. This layer is called by the workmen "overburden," and it must be removed before the clay can be got at.* The process of working is usually as follows: let us suppose that a patch or band of suitable decomposed granite, called by the workmen a "bed of clay," has been discovered in a hillside. The first thing to be done is to drive an "adit-level" horizontally right into the hill beneath the bed of clay, the position and extent of which has been more or less accurately determined by systematic "pitting" through the overburden. This adit-level is a sort of tunnel—from six to nine feet high, and from three to six feet wide. While this level is being driven, a large piece of the overburden is removed so as to expose a considerable area of the bed of clay.† A vertical opening or shaft is then made from the inner end of the adit, to the surface of the uncovered clay bed—partly by digging downwards from above ("sinking"), partly by digging upwards from below ("putting up a rise"). A square wooden pipe, having holes at regular distances of a few feet in one of its sides, is then placed in the vertical opening, so as to keep open a communication with the level below;‡ the remainder of the shaft is then either filled in or kept open for the removal of the coarse sand or stones produced in working; and the regular washing of clay may be proceeded with. Of course the arrangements for obtaining the clay vary very much in different works. These different arrangements were described by the author in the "Journal of the Society of Arts," 1875.

Granite, as is generally known, consists mainly of three distinct minerals, quartz, felspar, and mica. In the decomposed granite it is the felspar only which is decomposed, or converted into kaolin; but this renders the whole mass so soft that a pick or shovel may be readily driven into it to a considerable depth. The mode of working is to break up a portion with a pick to a depth of several feet, in a kind of slope, around the mouth of the pipe or launder which passes down into the adit

* This covering closely resembles some glacial deposits; but neither organic remains, nor scratched stones, nor stones of foreign origin have been found in it, to my knowledge, although many acres have been removed in the various clay works.

† The term "clay" is applied indiscriminately in Cornwall to the decomposed granite rock, and to the true clay washed out of it.

* In a paper read before the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall in 1876, I have given my reasons for believing that the decomposition has been produced *in situ* by fluids circulating within the fissures, joints, and shrinkage cracks of the granite—now occupied by the solid matter of the veins referred to above—and not as commonly stated in geological works by carbonic acid acting from above.

‡ The holes are—except the top one—temporarily covered with pieces of board nailed over them. The whole contrivance is called a "button-hole launder."

below. This is called a "stope." A stream of water is then made to flow over the broken lumps, which are kept well stirred up by a workman, called a "washer," whose duty it is to keep breaking and stirring them up. The water, clear at first, speedily becomes white and milky by washing out the soft decomposed felspar, and runs down to the bottom of the stope, carrying with it the quartz grains and flakes of mica. The quartz and the coarser mica flakes, called "sand" by the workmen, settle in a shallow pit, called the sandpit, from whence they are constantly shovelled out by a man placed there for that purpose — while the stream of clay water, carrying with it many minute flakes of white mica, passes on down the vertical launder and through the adit-level to be further treated.

The stream of clay water, if thick, contains usually about two per cent. of clay, and perhaps one-half per cent. of mica in suspension. This is made to flow slowly through a succession of narrow channels, called "drags" and "micas," in which the fine mica and a little clay are gradually deposited, while the bulk of the clay passes on with the water, and falls into a circular pit from twenty to thirty feet in diameter, and eight or ten feet deep, lined usually with granite blocks. Here it gradually settles to the bottom, while the clear water passes off at a little depression in the rim of the pit, and may either be pumped up to be used over again, or allowed to flow into the nearest river. This effluent water is often clear enough to drink.*

Once or twice a day it becomes necessary to clean out the long channels, called "drags" and "micas," in which case the fine mica and clay, which has settled at the bottom, is washed out into the nearest watercourse by a stream of water, and this it is which fouls the streams.

In some works, as at the celebrated Carclaze mine, worked as an open quarry for tin for four centuries, not only is the mica washed away in this manner, but the large quantity of sand produced is also washed away at night, and thus very large accumulations of sand have collected in the valleys below St. Austell, St. Blazey, and elsewhere.

The clay having settled in the pits to a consistency somewhat thicker than cream, is in old-fashioned works run out into shallow excavations called "pans." These

are about two feet deep — the clay is put into them during the winter months, and is allowed to remain until nearly dry, when it is cut out in square blocks and piled up under sheds, or in the open air, till completely dry. By this mode of working a good deal of loss is experienced, as every block of clay is more or less injured at the surface by exposure for months to the vicissitudes of the weather, the invasions of sheep, cattle, and geese — which latter abound on the moors — and the mischief of stone-throwing boys. When thoroughly dry, therefore, every block has to be separately scraped before it is in a fit state to be sold.

The scraping operation is a peculiar and somewhat ghastly sight to those who see it for the first time. Gangs of tall women, white-aproned — every vestige of complexion hidden with white clay — stand at tables scraping the blocks all day long, with a little three-cornered scraper like a miniature Dutch hoe, and often dismally singing hymns which sound like dirges.

The advantage of air-drying is that no expense is incurred for fuel — the disadvantage is the loss incurred by scraping, the expense of scraping, and the large area required for the drying-pans.

In more modern works the air-drying is mostly replaced by kiln-drying. Long kilns are built of fire-clay tiles covering brickwork flues from sixty to one hundred or even one hundred and fifty feet long. The clay from the circular pits is first run into large tanks, where it remains for a month or two, till pretty stiff. It is then taken into the kiln or "dry" on tramwagons, and dried by throwing it upon the hot tiles. When dry it is cut up into convenient-sized blocks and piled up ready for market. On the whole, the smaller amount of waste in kiln-dried clay, and the saving of expense for scraping, more than makes up for the expense of fuel, and few modern works are without kilns for drying.

The preparation of the china stone for the market is a much more simple operation. China stone is also a kind of granite, which is, however, only partially decomposed, but it is only valuable when it happens to be free from mica and all other minerals except the quartz and partially decomposed felspar. It occurs chiefly in the parishes of St. Stephens, St. Dennis, and Breage, and is often associated with china clay. The rock is simply quarried down, and the joints dressed over where discolored with oxide of iron, when it is

* Occasionally these pits are left filled with clay water, and undisturbed for several weeks, when the intense blueness of the water equals that of some Alpine lakes, and is due to the same cause — the suspension of minute particles of solid matter.

at once ready for shipment, chiefly to Runcorn. From Runcorn it is sent to the potteries, where it is used with china clay in the manufacture of porcelain and earthenware.

It is not only in the potteries, however, that china clay is used. As stated above, more than two hundred thousand tons per annum are now exported from the two western counties, the value of which at the present exceptionally low prices may average, perhaps, 1*l*. per ton at the shipping port. Of this large quantity probably little more than one-third is used in the English potteries. Fully as much is used by the paper-makers of the United Kingdom, and probably twenty thousand tons are used by makers of alum and sulphate of alumina, and at least as much by "bleachers" of calico and yarn. Many thousands of tons are shipped to the Continent for all the above purposes, and also for the manufacture of ultramarine. So cheap and convenient an article is also no doubt used to a considerable extent by adulterators and sophisticators of various kinds, but it probably only needs to be more widely known to be used legitimately for many purposes to which hitherto it has not been applied.

We have spoken above of the "sand" of the "mica." Nowadays much of the fine mica is re-washed and sold as an inferior "mica clay" for making inferior kinds of paper and pasteboard, but the bulk of it must still be regarded as a waste product. The sand is also largely a waste product, and as there are from three to eight tons of sand yielded for each ton of clay, large accumulations exist at most of the principal works. Of late years some of this — mixed with refuse clay — has been made into excellent fire bricks, for which there is a considerable demand, especially for the copper-smelting furnaces of Chili and Mexico; but there are still millions of tons available when a proper use can be discovered.

Very good building-bricks have also been made from the discolored clay and mica, but the heavy cost of carriage usually prevents the use of building-bricks at great distances from the place of manufacture, so that, although there is a fair local demand, millions of tons of material are still available for any suitable purpose which may be hereafter discovered.

Some of the sand is very coarse, some very fine — but in all cases it consists mainly of angular fragments of quartz, admirably adapted from their extreme sharpness for mixing with cement or lime

for making concrete blocks, or with asphalt for pavements.

The coarser varieties also make excellent gravel walks, as the small quantities of clay and mica usually present serve to bind the grains together under foot to form a firm roadway.

The following analyses, selected from the writer's paper read to the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall in 1876, fairly represent the composition of average specimens of the materials described above.

	China Clay	China Stone	Mica Clay	Coarse Mica	Sand
Silica . . .	45.40	71.66	46.70	56.41	81.50
Alumina . . .	40.30	18.79	35.20	29.60	13.40
Lime . . .	trace	1.70	trace	—	—
Magnesia . . .	trace	0.35	—	—	—
Peroxide of iron . . .	0.30	trace	1.90	2.72	2.50
Alkalies, insoluble and loss . . .	0.60	6.60*	4.66	4.37	0.10
Fluorine . . .	trace	0.14	trace	trace	trace
Oxide of manganese . . .	—	trace	—	trace	—
Water . . .	13.50	0.91	11.54	6.90	2.50
	100.00	100.15	100.00	100.00	100.00

All the older writers speak of "talc," "talcose granite," "protogine," etc., as being abundant in Cornwall and elsewhere. Even Mr. J. A. Phillips, writing in 1875, says: "In some districts mica is replaced by a talc-like mineral, and the granite rock itself passes into protogine." What there may be elsewhere I am unable to say, but there is certainly nothing of the kind known at present in Cornwall. From the whole of the granite districts of Cornwall and Devon talc seems to be entirely absent, and magnesia generally is an extremely scarce substance.

The number of china-clay works at present in operation in Cornwall and West Devon is little short of two hundred, and of course the conditions of working vary considerably in different localities and under different conditions. In some, a little washing only is done during the winter months by means of a small natural stream of water, the total annual produce being only a few hundred tons; in others, valuable machinery and extensive buildings enable the proprietors to turn out nine or ten thousand tons in the same time; but in the main the description given above as fairly describes the occurrence and preparation of china clay and china stone as is possible within the limits of such an article as the present.

The trade at present is much depressed — mainly, I believe, owing to the slackness on the part of those (potters, paper-makers, bleachers, and others) who use clay; but

* Chiefly potash.

partly, perhaps, owing to the over-production of a few years since. In consequence of this the prices have fallen more than thirty per cent. during the last five years, and the quantities produced have also shown a considerable falling off. With the general revival of English trade—whenever that may take place—no doubt this branch will also revive.

From The St. James's Magazine.
FLOWERS OF ANGLO-INDIAN LITERATURE.

THREE months is, I understand, the longest ascertained time of residence in India of the author of any book on the manners and customs of the people. If a man prolongs his stay, though he may have a desire to write, this desire seldom becomes effective. Perhaps our potential author succumbs to the enticement of too frequent pegs, or he finds the attractions of the Gymkhana and the gardens too powerful for his resolution, or some other of the varied forms of social duty conspire to silence his prophetic soul and to cause the labor of the mountain to bring forth not even the proverbial mouse. The longer a man stays the less chance there seems to be of the world deriving any profit from his observations. If, therefore, I wait till experience has mellowed and matured my judgment, there is every danger that this article will find its way to the limbo of unrealized ideas, and the invaluable extracts with which I mean to adorn it will be lost forever to posterity. Here, then, on the smooth waters of the Tirawaddy, gliding between well-wooded banks, marred now and then by an ugly village, with an English briar between my lips, and a gigantic topee on my head, I proceed, on the strength of three weeks passed principally in Indian trains and steamers, to deliver a verdict on Anglo-Indian literature.

It is not my intention to attempt any original criticism on the effects of English education on the native mind, but after briefly noting the opinions of qualified observers to illustrate their judgment from writings, almost, if not altogether, unknown in England. The course of reading by which a native student who aspires to honors, or even to an ordinary degree in arts at the Calcutta University, must prepare himself is perfectly appalling. The examiners seem to require, in addition to other qualifications, a close and accu-

rate knowledge of English literature from Cædmon to Wordsworth, and an acquaintance with the details of English history which might fit the successful candidate to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Froude, Mr. Freeman, or Professor Stubbs. This high education and classical reading apparently excludes all chance of any familiarity with ordinary English as at present written and spoken; and the result is seen in the wonderful and awful productions which fall from time to time from native pens, couched in a jargon possible of utterance by no imaginable race either in heaven above or in the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth. Again, the educated native's conception of life and manners in English society is apparently acquired from a careful perusal of "Pamela" and "Tom Jones," tempered by some familiarity with second-rate romances of a later date, and an inappreciative reading of modern novels of a better class. I have in my hand a specimen of the Indian *littérateur's* picture of high life in England which may challenge comparison, though on different grounds, with the society sketches of the flunkeys of certain London weeklies. It is called "Lord Likely, a Drama," written by P. V. Ramdswami—this is the Madrasi equivalent for Jones—Raju, B. A., and published as lately as 1876. The scene is laid in England. The plot, which is of the simplest description, may be epitomized as follows:—

Some years before the opening of the story, Lady Homely, on a voyage home from India, suffers shipwreck and loses her infant son, whom she supposes to be drowned. At the beginning of the play she is living with her brother, Sir Strictly Sternface, and his daughter, the heroine, Miss Lovely; the confusion of names here is of minor importance. Miss Lovely's hand is sought by two wooers, Lord Likely, a dashing young fellow, and Sir Dreadful Dash, an Algerian colonel; the former wins the lady's affections, but the latter secures the support of Sir Strictly and Lady Homely. In order to drive this dangerous rival from the field, the hero, by means of his satellites, Gog and Wire, two city men, persuades the dreadful colonel to have two strings to his bow, and to make love to the aunt as well as to the niece. The plot is successful, and Sir Dreadful receives a shocking rebuff from Lady Likely, after which he is, somewhat unnecessarily as it seems to us, carried off bodily by Gog and Wire, and immured in a dungeon in the city kept by one Simon Twaddle, who is a compound of Fagin and

the governor of Newgate. On his release from this imprisonment he takes himself off to Algiers and gives no further trouble. Lord Likely then turns out, as we had expected, to be the long-lost marquis, who had been rescued from the wreck, and adopted by Sir Stingy Lucre, a Kentish baronet; the cousins are married, and live happily ever afterwards.

Here is a specimen of the conversation indulged in by Miss Lovely and her aunt. It is the opening speech of the play:—

"MISS LOVELY.—Madam, many a day have I besought you, and you are yet to tell me what that picture means. Ah, 'tis a sickening sight—there the dread breakers, like steeds to combat spurred, toss their foam, and, as they approach, the poor ship uplifts itself and bends its head so low that it would seem to say, 'Dear masters, engulf me not.' And the crew—I find them not; sure, the storms had blown all hope away from them, and sent them to the hold to quaff their nectar; but, madam, yonder goes a life-boat, freighted with many a troubled soul, that, like Tantalus, looks at the shore and grows desperate. Then there is a lady, fair and dignified, that, with her kerchief, holds her face, and, as flashes the light of heaven amid the dreadful gloom, looks up with such pious agony as the very angels would have wept at the sight thereof."

Of course, no English girl could be imagined by the Hindoo as referring to sailors staving the casks to drown their fears in rum, in less refined terms than those used in the text; and equally of course the classical allusion is of a kind familiar in the mouths of our sisters as household words. The somewhat recondite nature of the illustration, and the care with which it is introduced, is especially characteristic of the prevailing azure. Lady Homely, at last softened, gives the story of the picture in the same strain, mentioning a phenomenal steward who was known apparently to his fellows or the ship's crew as a "brawny, stalwart wight," and who, perhaps on account of this characteristic, is said to have "writhed and gasped for breath like a furnace." After this pathetic scene we note for the first time the eminently Shakespearian character of the drama in the next incident, which consists of some comic business by Gog and Wire, the city men, who are the clowns of the piece. We cannot refrain from quoting this in full, to illustrate this phase of our author's genius, and to let our readers behind the scenes of London commercial life.

"GOG.—Hallo, Wire!

"WIRE.—Come now, Gog, tell us how goes Lord Likely's love.

"GOG.—Oh, Lord Likely and his love, they are all right; but——

"WIRE.—I know what you mean; has Sir Strictly made up his mind?

"GOG.—And Lady Homely, too.

"WIRE.—And Miss Lovely, too, I suppose.

"GOG.—Oh, yes, they've all made up their minds.

"WIRE.—And I daresay, then, Lord Likely has the best hopes of them all—and the colonel, too.

"GOG.—Many he has; and like boys that are after a cab a-begging for pence and turn back empty, you'll find the chap soon undeceived.

"WIRE.—But Lord Likely.

"GOG.—Ah, he is a perfect gentleman; in the classics that retreat, and the physics that advance, he'll lick any professor; in his old Puritan gab, any parson; in his brag and bickering, the colonel; in his gravity, Sir Strictly; and in gay mischief, that ladies love, and gemmen hate, the devil!

"WIRE.—The classics that retreat and the physics that advance, what be these?

"GOG.—I'll tell you what—I daresay you were at school when you were a boy.

"WIRE.—Ay.

"GOG.—And so you read about the Romans that conquered the Britons.

"WIRE.—Oh, demmet, so my master told me; but I told him—'Look ye, sir, I'll never read of a people that conquered the Britons!' But is this all you can tell us of Lord Likely?

"GOG.—Egad! tell me if any wight will show me his equal in a duel or a boat-race; and he is the best of the barons that ever trod the turf at Derby.

"WIRE.—And yet Sir Strictly would not have him.

"GOG.—But he'll have Sir Strictly and his daughter, and their money, too.

"WIRE.—I see—where the fish has caught the bait, the fins need follow. Miss Lovely likes him, and so Sir Strictly must."

It would be unfair to such readers as may be ignorant of the proper style in which these things are done in high life not to extract a specimen of the ardent speeches of Lord Likely and his love.

Here is a brilliant flower:—

"LORD LIKELY.—Like the robin that longs for the spring and the lark that waits for the morn, here am I, and yet she is to come! There! what do I see? Ah, no!

'tis but a rose that hasn't half the bloom of my Amelia's cheeks. Now, what do I hear? Ah, 'tis but the linnet or the thrush, meek denizens of the brakes, whose melody were but the plainest jargon to the voice of my love. Oh, that I were a wind from the west!—how I'd rob the best blooms of their sweet and play round her cheeks, and whisper into her ears! There! comes she not like a beam through the greenwood? Why so late? Sure love lingers not when holy thoughts await it, and now, even thus would I forget my being in thee, my Amelia! (*Embraces her.*)

And, as a pendant to this, here is a speech of the lady a little later on.

"Nay, Harry, pelf and pedigree are but accidents; the soul is the soul (? soil) for all such freaks of fortune. True love, where'er 'tis found, has its odors even as the rose amid the brambles, so do I love my Harry, not for aught that bears him up, but for what he bears—for his noble virtues—for his greatness, goodness, faith, and should aught that mars the mind and cuts in twain the knot that lovers weave, come between, this heart shall find its solace but in —"

Sir Dreadful Dash bears out his name, in words at least, and, like Meg March, Lady Homely seems to like it. To her he says of his rival, "I'll see him dammed," and the conversation proceeds without interruption or expostulation from the lady. Not that she is at all afraid of the blood-drinking colonel, for a couple of pages farther on, in the same scene, the following occurs:—

"SIR DREADFUL (*kneeling*).—Madam, thy sworn slave—that has so long eaten into himself for love of—oh, demmet!—what shall I say?—Love, lend me thy pistols, or, rather, thy shafts, that I may shoot myself! I feel so shy and stupid!

"LADY HOMELY.—O faith! O honesty! (*Rises to go.*)

"SIR DREADFUL.—Nay, madam, this is not charity. (*Stands up and grasps her hands together with his.*)

"LADY HOMELY.—Alas! Sir Dreadful, to what would you drive me! (*Hits a severe blow at his mouth; his ivories fall down.*)"

Facta non verba was evidently this lady's motto; and this home-thrust effectually routs the double-dealing Sir Dreadful. Another scene of a highly comical nature is the court of Sir Strictly Sternface. He is represented in all the pomp of an Eastern sahib, smoking in a sort of "museum in his mansion," while two gen-

tlemen converse before him, passing to each other the ball of the knight's prowess and renown in India as skilfully as two players at lawn-tennis. The retired governor sits in silence, drinking in their adulation as an idol might snuff up incense. This picture of the greatness of the retired Indian civilian is, we are sorry to believe, scarcely warranted by facts, even the majesty of an English justice of the peace being far less we fear than this roseate sketch would cause us to imagine. Finally, we have Sir Stingy's description of the finding of Lord Likely, who gets his name from "a flash of something great" in his features, and from the humor of his original saviour who, thinking it *likely* that he is a *lord*, puts two and two together and bestows a peerage on his waif. It is notorious, as our readers well know, that nothing more than this is requisite to ensure recognition of the nobility of the bearer of the name in society, Burke and Debrett notwithstanding. The Shakespearian character of the play is vindicated to the close by the following sweet thing in puns:—

"GOG.—And this, madam, is the *sun* you hadn't seen so long.

"LADY HOMELY.—Ay, indeed, that's my son."

So much for our Indian bachelor.

The second book is of a different kind.

It is a pious biography of a somewhat remarkable man, who, had he been gifted with any degree of prophetic vision, might have prayed with intense earnestness—"Save me from my friends." The full title of it is: "The Memoir of the late Honorable Justice Onoocool Chundee Moor-kerjee, by Mohindro Nouth Mookerjee, aged twenty-four, author of 'The Effects of English Education on the Native Mind,'" and, we may add, himself a shocking example of the said effects. This is the prelude of this miraculous production:—

"Let me hold my penna after a few months to write the memoir of the individual above-named; but *quid agis*? if any one put me such a query, I will be utterly thrown into a great jeopardy and hurley-burley, and say, 'A fool of myself!' As a spider spins a web for its own destruction, or as when the clown, who was busy in digging a grave for Ophelia, was asked by Hamlet: 'Whose grave's this, sirrah?' said, 'Mine, sir,' so in writing one's memoir I am as if to dig my own grave in it."

After a description of the birth and parentage of the hero, we are introduced to his school life, during which he was noted

for an "unplayfulness of disposition," according to his biographer "an unsightly defect in boyhood." However, the reader may find some compensation in the following anecdote, the style and matter of which are alike remarkable:—

"Once, when the Hindoo college was about to be closed for the winter vacation, little Mookerjee, with some of his brothers and cousins, went to see the monument. When he had ascended a few steps, he received a severe blow on his head, which rendered him unpercipient for a few moments. He was then brought out with some difficulty by his companions. A few seconds after this a Cyclopean English sailor came out of the monument, and little Mookerjee asked him in a gentle voice why he had treated him thus. He answered that he took him to be a dog and not a man, but now when he saw that he was a man, but *nigger* at the same time, he might as well retain his first impression, as a *nigger* was no better than a dog. The reply stung little Mookerjee to the quick, and he addressed his rude assailant for more than an hour, dwelling chiefly on the principles of Christianity, and enlarging on the duty of regarding all men as fellow-brethren without distinction of creed or color. The words of Onocool Chundee had a marvellous effect. The savage heart of the sailor was moved, and he went away making an apology for what he had done."

Later on the author moralizes on the relations of mother and child in these striking sentences:—

"Nothing in the world can make her facetious when her child is not so, and nothing in the world can make her lugubrious when her child is not so. Distressed in distress and pleased in pleasure, there can be no human being so sympathizing as the mother! *Ergo*, on the contrary, a mother is loved and respected in every age, in every realm, by every nation, and by everybody who can understand what transcendent and peerless wealth she is."

We must give the writer credit for having here conceived the greatest misery to which any human being could be subjected. A facetious child we had always considered the most detestable of all created things; but a facetious child and a facetious mother! A child saying smart things and his mother capping them! The idea is too awful. We refuse to attempt to realize it. We shudder and pass on, leaving our author to describe the struggles of his hero against adverse for-

tune, until, after achieving great success as a pleader, he became an "*au fait*" and "a transcendental lucre" to the Bengal council. Finally, he is appointed a judge of high court. The result of this can be adequately described only in the author's words.

"This was a desideratum to him. The hope which he so long hatched at last yielded him what he hankered after, and in seven-league boots. The law study, to which he had devoted so long his midnight hours, with indefatigable ardor and the zeal of a martyr, yielded him fruits most sacchariferous and wished-for, — position, respect, and wealth."

The unhappy judge's personal appearance is thus described:—

"When a boy he was filamentous, but gradually in the course of time he became plump as a partridge. . . . He was neither a Brobdignagian nor a Lilliputian, but a man of mediocre size, fair complexion, well-shaped nose, hazel eyes, and ears well-proportioned to the face, which was of a little round cut with a wide front and uniform lips. . . . His head was large; it had very thin hairs on it; and he had a moustache not close set, and a little brownish on the top of his upper lip."

The manner of his death is related with the fullest, and, in one instance, quite unreportable details, from the commencement of the evil symptoms, when a headache made him "feel like a toad under a harrow," to the fatal moment when, after remaining "*sotto voce* for a few hours, he then went to God at about six P.M."

The above extracts give a fair idea of the nature of this book, which is written with the most perfect *bona fides* and with the fullest intention of maintaining the dignity of a severe and chaste biographical style. The whole work is a gem of the purest water; my only difficulty has been to abstain from presenting it in its integrity.

One more flower, and, for the present, I have done with the educated native. This is a scrap found in an examination room in place of the answer to a paper which the luckless examinee found too much for his knowledge of the subject. There was a rough draft appended, in which the leading points of the prayer were jotted down, ending with the somewhat burlesque subscription — "Your obedient servant." This is the prayer as finally polished:—

God God God
be kind
to me

Pardon my sins
 at least
 for the sake of my
 poor father and mother,
 My long-suffering wife,
 My innocent artless daughter,
 My adored Bissessury
 (If I may be permitted to name her)
 Make me pass this Higher Grade Pleader-
 ship
 Examination, in the Higher grade
 surely successfully and creditably
 God look kindly on me this last time
 God, God help me in
 things that I may be successful
 in my examination
 God God help me, help me, help me.

The result of this ingenious attempt to
 substitute faith for works is not known.

H. T. W.

From The Spectator.

THE LUXURY OF READING OLD NOVELS.

WE wonder some novelist with a reputation, and money enough to risk a moderate loss, does not publish a novel with an "argument" at the beginning, a short sketch revealing his plot, giving an account of his principal characters, and stating frankly his own idea of his own work, when he had read it in three volumes, an account in which he shall be permitted to be a little vain. We suppose his publisher would object and he himself might feel a qualm at betraying a secret he had striven to keep through two volumes and a half, but we suspect he would lose very little. He would only, at the worst, anticipate the reviewers, and he would attract a public which exists, and which may be numerous, — the public which greatly enjoys reading old novels, or rather, novels it has read some time before. There must be such a public, or there would not be such a sale for cheap reprints, or such a willingness in houses where the inmates read, to endure the abominable litter they create, or such a demand at watering-places for novels that have reposed for years upon the shelves. The librarians by the sea have of late invented a new system, under which old novels go back to Mudie's, or are sent to the colonies, or are disposed of in some other way; but there are a few who adhere to the old paths, and they seem to have as many customers as the new men. Elderly people, and leisurely people, and literary people go to them, and potter over their shelves, and in spite of the dust carry away whole cargoes of books, which they

afterwards seem to read. They are rather ashamed of their occupation, and do not praise their books, but they read very steadily, and do not throw them aside with half the weariness manifested by those who have just finished the "last new thing." They have, to all appearance, enjoyed themselves, and though their sons and their daughters despise them, they are able to push away contemptuous comments with a serene sense of ease and quiet not altogether unenviable. They do not seem eager for relief from their books, but rather hang over them with loving pleasure, and keep their pages as they talk, and are jealous of volumes when the children take them up, and generally be- seem themselves like bibliomaniacs with rich little Elzevirs, just bought.

They are not silly at all, and they shall have an advocate, for once. The present writer belongs to that division of the public, and he maintains, without shame, that for those who can read novels at all, there is no enjoyment which transcends that of an afternoon spent over novels which have been read before. Of course, there are antecedent conditions. The reader must be mentally a little fatigued. He must not be in search of excitement. He must not be anxious to be taken absolutely out of himself and his surroundings, but be tolerably content with both, and only longing for that condition of complacency, but not exactly somnolent *kef* in which the practised smoker most delights. And he must have a lot of the novels. It is of no use to have one. It may not suit his mood, or he may remember it too well, or he may have learned to despise its author's later works — nothing spoils literary enjoyment like that; it is as bad as the taste of water when you have drunk enough, or — in short, he wants a boxful, to dip among and select the novel which seems most pleasant in its momentary promise. But the conditions granted, we maintain that reading that picked old novel is the most enjoyable form of intelligent indolence conceivable. The bore of unravelling the plot, or even attending to it, is wholly absent, for after a chapter or two its salient features come back to the memory. There is no difficulty about understanding the characters, for they are old friends, not new acquaintance, and the mental interest they create is not watchfulness, but a subdued amusement in seeing them do what you knew they would do, though you did not quite know how they would do it. There is none of the fatigue of attention, for if you do not attend, you still remem-

ber; and none of the ennui of disappointment, for the reader knows beforehand that the combination on which he had set his heart either will or will not be there. Above all, there is no burdensome sense of duty. You are not bound to read the story at all, still less to read it without skipping, — and you know precisely to a page or a paragraph what to skip. If anybody is impertinent enough or malicious enough to cross-examine you — and the people who *will* cross-examine about novels are a separate class, and in the next world will have to read first volumes only, for a cycle or two — the answers are all ready and all right; and as for duty to oneself, that has all been already performed. It is like visiting the Exhibition alone, without a catalogue, and with a certainty that, as no one knows you have been there, no one will ask you about the pictures, or think you tasteless for passing over acres of canvas you care nothing about. There is nothing to do but to enjoy, and to enjoy as one enjoys when enjoyment is softened by reminiscence. They are old friends, not new, who are coming up in troops, and how the old friends are changed! You thought that plot so adroit, and how obvious it is! You thought that style so simple, and what a contempt the authoress has for grammar! You deemed that heroine so charming, and what a little fool she is, with her blundering flirtations! The whole pleasure that a boy feels in measuring himself after the holidays comes unsought to the man who slowly and lingeringly gets through an oft-read but pleasant novel. Not that we would suggest that the involuntary criticism on a twice-read novel is always bitter. On the contrary it is frequently appreciative. The reader skips sometimes at new places, and discovers new beauties, or he sees art where he formerly saw carelessness, or he picks up a thread he had formerly lost, and obtains a new interest altogether. If he does none of these things, the book still arouses memories which, being fictitious, are pleasant, and puts him in a mood in which there is nothing acrid or even bitter, — in which, if truth is to be said, indolence prohibits the exertion involved in any use or menace of the rod. How is one to flog even mentally, when one is quite contented and half-asleep?

It is a fact — we appeal to all who indulge the taste — that the enjoyment derivable from old novels does not vary in the ratio of their excellence, even if that excellence be of the kind which the reader most appreciates. It may be that the

recollection of a first-rate novel is too vivid, that there are too many unforgotten passages, and that the people are too seldom absent from the reader's imagination. Nobody fairly forgets Nancy Cass, or Mr. Trumbull, the auctioneer. Or it may be that there is too little of indolence in the re-reading for true enjoyment, the writing being too interesting, and the intellectual excitement produced too vivid. One does not really lounge over the "Shabby-Genteel Story." It is, however, certain that the very best books, and those which will most repay reading, are not those to which the reminiscent dilettante most readily turns, or those which he picks out most eagerly from the heap. He thinks he will read them, but he leaves them to the last, and if his stock is large, they very often pass unread. He prefers something like Marryat, who detains him in chapters only; or James, of whose stories he skips half, to wonder why critics are so blind to the merit in the remainder; or Fenimore Cooper, with his marvellous verbosity, verbosity which, especially in his later novels, is unequalled in literature; and Mrs. Wood's stories of that school, far the best books of Mrs. Wood; or about a dozen of Mrs. Oliphant's thirty, forty, or fifty tales. He can read all these, or the like, including, say, about a fourth of the novels of late years, with a sense of restful liking which novels like George Eliot's, nearly as superior to them all as "Hamlet" is to the "Colleen Bawn," do not produce.

We suppose the secret is that the sense of rest, which is the key to seaside enjoyment, is not perfect unless the reader can be indolent, and that the great writers forbid indolence. If they do not hurry you, they button-hole your mind, and that is nearly as bad, when you want not indeed to be attending to something else, but to be free from the sense of attending to anything at all; to be lazy *ad unguem*, and yet be free of that sense of guilt which, in the true-born Britisher — and in no other of mankind — laziness always leaves. There is, that we know of, but one exception to this rule. Miss Austen belongs to the two or three novelists whose superiors are not, and Miss Austen read, say, for the twelfth time — nobody quite enjoys her writing who is content with less than that — is of all writers the one that most promotes serenity. But then there are breezes which are breezes, and yet promote tranquillity and sleep. But Miss Austen excepted, the second-class novels are the novels to study in a holiday for the

second time, amid ample leisure and without compulsion; and so studied, they yield a delight denied to higher efforts of the mind. This generation has forgotten what "leisure" means, and cannot regain its knowledge; but just take four hours under a cedar on a sunshiny day over Mrs. Oliphant's "White Ladies," read for the second time, and some faint notion of the past-away bliss which two centuries ago our ancestors enjoyed will return, or seem to return, to the wearied mind. You will feel almost as content as if "the steamship, and the railway, and the thoughts that shake the mind," and Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Morris's furniture, and all the other evils of the day, had never been born.

From The Saturday Review.
COURTESY AT HOME.

THERE is an element about most exotics which is more or less displeasing. They are surrounded by an atmosphere which impresses the observer with associations of restraint and artifice. This is certainly true of exotic courtesy, which is the direct opposite of the virtue of which we have now to speak. Courtesy which is not home-bred may seem, like a hot-house plant from the tropics, to be very fully developed, very luxuriant, and almost overpoweringly pungent; but take away its artificial adjuncts, expose it to the rough weather of every-day life, and it withers away, just as a gorgeous and expensive stove plant, when banished from the conservatory and exposed to the frosty air, becomes ugly and repulsive in comparison with the commonest field flower. By courtesy at home we do not mean the courtesy which is shown at home to guests, but that which is exhibited to the inmates of home in every-day life. On the other hand, in speaking of exotic courtesy we mean that form of civility which is rather an occasional effort than an habitual custom. It is not a pleasant trait in people's characters that they should treat their acquaintances with less and less deference as they become more and more familiar with them, decreasing their courtesy in proportion to the increase of their intimacy; but unfortunately this is too commonly the case. It is usually assumed that a true gentleman is always courteous at home, but this assumption can only be accepted with certain reservations. We have known men perfectly unimpeachable in the matters of

education, culture, and refinement, whose manners, though most charming on first acquaintance, relapsed on intimacy into absolute unpleasantness. We admit that nobody whose apparent courteousness to strangers is only on the surface, and who thus seems to be that which he is not, can be a perfect gentleman in the highest sense of the word; but, taking the expression in its ordinary social acceptation, we fear it must be granted that, in the matter of courtesy, a great many gentlemen do occasionally seem to be that which they are not. These refined beings do not perhaps relapse into absolute rudeness among their relatives and intimates; but they replace their attractive manners by icy sarcasms, taciturnity, and irritability, which exceed the border line of courtesy. They seem to take a pleasure in demonstrating the unhappy fact that the refinement of the agreeable has its counterpart in the refinement of the disagreeable. We sometimes hear people comparing the manners of the present generation very unfavorably with those of its predecessors, and they do this with considerable justice; but we have known gentlemen of the old school, as it is termed, who, though very courteous in female society, were accustomed to use some very ugly words in the company of their own sex. Perhaps they could quote poetry far more readily than some of their descendants, and they were always prepared with a line from Homer or Virgil to suit the occasion; but, for all that, their mental daily bread, especially after dinner, consisted of a very coarse kind of food, and their anecdotes would scarcely be tolerated in the club smoking-rooms of the present day. There are a few specimens of this school still left, and they are generally ostentatiously polite in society. Their drawing-room manners towards ladies are almost too fine, but the elderly spinster daughters who have to attend upon them at home, especially in their gouty moments, could testify that they are not always so affable. We have in our minds old military men, but there is a more solemn class of ancients who enjoy an equal reputation for courtesy. We refer to the race of old-fashioned college dons. These worthies could be the best hosts in the world, and nothing could exceed the charms of their chastened *bonhomie*; but we recollect the time when we used to compare the suavity which they annually exhibited to their visitors at Commemoration with their conduct towards ourselves during the rest of the year. The breakfasts and luncheons in "gaudy week"

were all very well, but the private interviews at other times in the dean's study were by no means feasts of courtesy.

Although we cherish a conservative respect for the old-fashioned polished gentleman, we have a lurking suspicion that he was sometimes a rather artificial creature. Polished he certainly was, but with a polish that wore off with very little rough usage, and which but thinly glossed over an inner man almost guiltless of refinement. He could be very polite, but he could also be very blasphemous; and, if he was occasionally poetical, he was often indecent. We are far from maintaining that some past periods of English history have not been more distinguished for courtesy than our own; but when we hear people talk of the times of George IV. and Beau Brummel as the millennium of British *politesse*, we feel that either their memory or their judgment must be greatly at fault. There are other epochs which might claim, at the very least, an equal distinction. In these days it is unfortunately true that, even in the highest society, there is too little courtesy either at home or away from it; but that does not prove the early part of the present century to have been the golden age of English manners. Our own is an age of moderation. We are expected to be moderate in religion, in politics, and in everything else; and we have a noble example of moderation set us by the youth of the present day in the indulgence of courtesy. A very courteous man is now considered a bore in gay, and a humbug in grave society. What a miserable thing is civility in comparison with the charms of chaff, and how insincere is he who treats ladies with deferential politeness! Such appears to be the current creed, though there may be a certain number of nonconformists. In our opinion the best test of the difference between courtesy and humbug will be found in the observation of home life. Humbug may assume the form of courtesy, but it cannot stand the strain of continual use; whereas true courtesy becomes more developed by constant habit, and thrives best in its native soil. People often confuse courtesy with humbug because they imagine that it necessarily implies personal esteem and respect. Where, therefore, they observe a deferential manner in the absence of personal esteem and respect, they immediately suspect humbug. In this they are mistaken. A judge may be perfectly courteous to the murderer whom he is sentencing to be hanged, and the head master of a public

school may show formal politeness to his pupils in the disciplinary interviews which he has with them "after school;" but neither functionary would thereby lay himself open to the charge of being a humbug. Then there are persons who are so utterly devoid of any innate courtesy that they are incredulous of its existence in others; and, when they meet with it, they mistake it for humbug. It must be admitted, however, that there are occasions when scepticism is quite legitimate. For instance, when we see ostentatious displays of affection and respect on the part of husbands towards their wives, or parents towards their children, in public, we are apt to form our own opinion of their private life, shrewdly suspecting that this profusion of good things is not an every-day affair. We recommend to the clergy "rude papas" as a subject for a course of sermons. "Nagging mammas" might form a second series. To treat your children like servants or retrievers, whose highest duty is to fetch and carry, is not the surest means of indoctrinating them with the virtue of courtesy. It may be considered a superannuated idea that husbands and wives ought to treat each other with any semblance of ceremony; but we are old-fashioned enough to fancy that the opposite tendency is carried rather to an excess just at present. It may be a prejudice to think that there can possibly be anything objectionable in smoking cigarettes in ladies' drawing-rooms and boudoirs; but there always will be some people who lag behind their times. There is surely a sufficiently wide margin between treating a husband as an utter stranger and calling him a beast; but it seems too narrow for some ladies to discover. Among brothers and sisters a little harmless banter is perfectly admissible, and even perhaps desirable; but a family whose members are always snapping at each other in the style at present approved as clever, both in fiction and in reality, can scarcely be upheld as a model of courtesy at home. Both among brothers and sisters and husbands and wives, a great deal of talk which begins with chaff ends in rudeness. In society conventional politeness sets certain limits to repartee, but at home there are no such barriers. In private life, when the more refined weapons of conversational dispute fail, the combatants are apt to resort to vulgar personal abuse. Servants could sometimes tell curious stories about the courtesy of their employers at home, or rather their want of it. There

are ladies renowned for their charming manners in society who use their maids as safety-valves for the innate rudeness which they contrive to repress and conceal in public. Doubtless they are hurt when, in dressing their heads, their maids drag the hair with the brush; but that is no excuse for pretty mouths permitting ugly words to escape from them. The master may be very fond of his horse, but, after speaking to the animal in tones of the gentlest affection, it is scarcely the sign of a courteous gentleman to swear at the groom because his stirrup leathers are too short.

Courtesy at home, like other virtues, cannot be practised too constantly, or be too well fortified by undeviating habit. Even when a man is alone, it is not well to throw aside too freely the restraints and observances of social usage. We do not hesitate to say that no one can, when alone, discard all customary forms and ceremonies in dress, meals, or the like, without incurring danger of self-degradation. A man who neglects his toilet when he is going to spend the evening in his own society is decidedly wanting in self-respect, and the bachelor who only makes his rooms comfortable and attractive when he expects visitors must be pronounced unworthy of promotion to the more dignified state of life to which all bachelors presumably aspire.

From The Spectator.

THE CHINESE RECONQUEST OF EASTERN TURKESTAN.

THE campaign which commenced with the sieges of Urumtsi and Manas in the autumn of 1876, and which was brought to a close with the fall of Kashgar in December last, is beyond doubt the most remarkable military enterprise which has been attempted by any Asiatic nation within the present century. If we simply consider the enormous distances over which large bodies of men have been transported, the feat must be admitted to have been no ordinary one, but when we have added thereto such difficulties as those caused by the barrenness of the region in which the war was to be carried on, the reputed strength of Kashgar, the hostility of the Mahommedan population, and the scarcely concealed distrust of Russia, we find that the task which a Chinese general and a Chinese army have accomplished is one that deserves to rank

with many of the most celebrated of European campaigns. But during its progress we have remained in the most profound ignorance of its exact details. No adventurous correspondent accompanied the army either of the conqueror or of the conquered, and the public, which received no thrilling description of the sack of Manas or the fight at Turfan, refused to believe that Chinese valor in central Asia was more real than the myth-land in which it was being demonstrated. At last, however, we have an authentic official account of one portion of this little-understood campaign, in the "memorial" report of the governor-general of Kansuh, and by supplementing that document with the more recent information received through Tashkent and Semiretchinsk, we are able to arrive at a tolerably clear idea of the whole campaign. We propose, therefore, to describe as a connected whole that war of which the *Pekin Gazette* published in detail on January 4th the narrative of one portion.

In the year 1875, the Chinese government resolved to chastise the rebel powers which had broken away from its control in the country lying beyond the province of Kansuh. The chief of these were the Tungan rulers of Urumtsi and Manas, and Yakoob Beg, the ameer of Kashgar. At Lanchefu, the capital of Kansuh, troops were accordingly collected in large numbers, and the necessary stores and supplies of cannon and ammunition were forwarded with as little delay as possible to the same place. Chinese movements are proverbially slow, and it was not until the year 1875 had closed that the army, under the nominal command of General Kin Shun — now Liu Kin Tang — but really controlled by Tso Tsung Tang, the governor-general of Kansuh, advanced westwards. Its headquarters were, some months later, established at Guchen, and from this place the sieges both of Urumtsi and of Manas were conducted. Of these, Urumtsi was the first to fall, and in November, 1876, after having held out for more than two months, Manas shared the same fate. Several of the leading men of the Tungan movement perished in the course of the latter siege, or in the massacre that ensued upon the surrender of Manas. Before the close of the year 1876, therefore, the first of the rebel powers had been overthrown, and Chinese influence and prestige restored in what, for want of a better term, may be called the region of Ultra-Kansuh. It now only remained for the Chinese army to deal with the second and more formidable

power. At this period of the campaign, we may easily imagine that among the Chinese themselves there prevailed considerable doubt as to the prudence of risking their success by more arduous and far more complicated operations in the country south of the Tian Shan. The hesitation, if any such there was, of the more cautious was overruled by the military confidence and zeal of the commanders, and the winter was spent in bringing up every available man and every serviceable gun to the camp round Manas. In the mean while the ruler of Kashgar was straining every nerve in organizing a sufficient defence for his realm, and with his characteristic impetuosity had advanced to the town of Turfan, nine hundred miles east of his capital, for the purpose of defending his extreme frontier against the Chinese assault. The imprudence of this wrong-headed determination cannot be overstated, and his little army, outflanked by the more numerous invader, was driven in confusion from its positions in the defiles of the Tian Shan during the month of March, 1877. A general engagement ensued at Turfan, to be fought out again at Toksoun, and in both the Chinese were completely victorious. The fall of Manas had given the Chinese complete control of the country north of the Tian Shan, as far west as the Russian frontier in Kuldja; the capture of Turfan now gave them a base whence war could be carried on with great advantage south of that mountain range.

When these reverses became known, disorders broke out in all directions in Kashgaria. Yakoob Beg was assassinated at Korla, and his eldest son, Beg Kuli Beg, murdered his own brother, Hacc Kuli Beg, soon afterwards. Aali, or Hakim, Khan broke off from his allegiance to the new ameer, and set up an independent authority in Kucha. Other pretenders appeared in the southern portion of the state, and the Badakshis began to encroach in the district of Sirikul. All thought of opposing the Chinese seems to have died out in the breasts of a people who were distracted by civil war and disturbance in their very midst. The invading army was left to do exactly as it pleased in that portion of the country which it had occupied, and the Kashgari abandoned everything east of Kucha. This very important town is situated at the junction of a northern and of a southern road leading into western Kashgar, and between it and Turfan four hundred miles of country, desolated by the retreating army, intervened. Many weeks

elapsed before the Chinese generals had made the necessary arrangements for an advance through this region, and it is of this portion of the campaign that Tso Tsung Tang gives a description in the *Pekin Gazette* of January 4th last.

The advance force of some fifteen hundred men set out from Toksoun early in September, along the high-road towards Korla and Kucha. Their chief object was to make that road practicable for the main body, and also the necessary excavations for water at fixed halting-places. The mass of the army did not follow this advanced guard until the end of the month, but its advance was extremely rapid. On October 7th, Karasher was occupied, and in the few skirmishes that ensued the Chinese were uniformly successful. Two days afterwards the Chinese entered Korla, which they found a desolate solitude. Here, for the first time, the Chinese intendants gave signs of being deficient. The advance of the army had indeed been so rapid that the troops had left their supplies far in the rear, and for some time it appeared that they would be compelled to abandon Korla through sheer want of food. At this crisis fortune intervened, and "the soldiers being set to work to dig in search of buried stores, several tens of thousand catties' weight were discovered." No long delay after this retarded the forward movement of the Chinese, and on the 18th October a decisive battle was fought underneath the walls of Kucha. Kin Tang was again victorious, and Kucha, the chief bulwark of eastern Kashgar, fell into the hands of the invader. In the short space of twenty-one days the Chinese had, therefore, marched close on four hundred miles, captured three cities, and won one pitched encounter. The very next day after this striking achievement Kin Tang set out on the northern road towards Aksu, and from Hoser, his first stage in this later advance, is dated the very graphic account of which we have made mention. He was then preparing to attack Bai, or more correctly, Kutchabai, a small town on the Aksu road. We have to derive our information on this latest phase in the campaign from a different source, but with the fall of Kucha, of which, strange to say, we heard nothing at all at the time, it was evident that the whole Kashgarian defence had collapsed. The advance of the Chinese army was now slackened, for the purpose of allowing the reinforcements under General Chang Yao to come up from Karasher, and also to permit Tso Tsung Tang to execute that

flanking movement across the Tian Shan which sealed the fate of Aksu. The division with which Kin Tang had executed his brilliant feat of arms was not, it should be remembered, the only Chinese army operating in the field. There was another and a larger force north of the Tian Shan, with its base at Manas, which was under the immediate command of Tso Tsung Tang, and it was the sudden appearance of this army north of Aksu which paralyzed all the preparations Kuli Beg had for three months been making. Early in November, Aksu surrendered, through the treachery of its governor, — that is to say, he thought a timely discretion the better part of valor; and later on in the same month, Ush Turfan (New Turfan), eighty miles nearer to the capital, fell also into the hands of the Chinese. The joint armies of Tso Tsung and Kin Tang pressed on against Kashgar itself, and after winning a battle underneath its walls, in which Kuli Beg was wounded, the capital of the dominions of the late Athalik Ghazi once more was entered by a conquering army from far distant China. Since then Yarkand and Khoten — in the telegrams misspelt “Khokand” — have either been occupied by, or have voluntarily acknowledged, the Chinese, and may

by such timely allegiance have diverted from themselves some of that wrath which has been so manifested towards the other cities.

Such, briefly narrated, is the story of the Chinese reconquest of eastern Turkestan, and we think that no one will dispute the fact that, both in strategy among their generals and in endurance and courage among their men, this Chinese army has done much to revindicate the old and long-lost prestige which attached to the soldiers of Kanghi and Keen Lung. We will say nothing here of the future, although there is the prospect of a war in this region between Russia and China for the possession of Kuldja, or of an arrangement between those powers of the difficulty, by a further advance of the Russian dominions in Manchouria, in exchange for the retrocession of Kuldja. Whichever be the solution of what at present appears to be no slight danger, the result must be interesting to us; but in order to comprehend the future ramifications of this intricate business, it is very necessary that the campaign just ended should be first mastered. With that object in view, we have placed the preceding description of it before our readers.

CURIOUS HABITS OF THE JAPANESE. — The Japanese habit of reversing everything, if we may regard our own way of doing as the proper way, is very curious, and in some of its details very interesting. Mr. Griffiths, in his work on Japan, discusses it thus: “Another man is planing. He pulls the plane towards him. I notice a blacksmith at work. He pulls the bellows with his feet, while he is holding and hammering with both hands. He has several irons in the fire, and keeps his dinner pot boiling with the waste flame. His whole family, like the generations before them, seem to get their living in the hardware line. The cooper holds his tubs with his toes. All of them sit down while they work. Perhaps that is an important difference between a European and an Asiatic. One sits down to his work, the other stands up to it. Why is it that we do things contrariwise to the Japanese? Are we upside down; or they? The Japanese say that we are reversed. They call our penmanship “crab writing,” because, say they, “it goes backward.” The lines in our books cross the page like a crawfish, instead of going downward properly. In a Japanese stable we find the horse’s flank where we look for his head. Japanese screws screw the other way. Their locks thrust to the left, ours to the right. The baby toys of the Aryan race squeak when they are squeezed; the Turanian gimcracks emit noise when pulled apart. A Caucasian,

to injure his enemy, kills him; a Japanese kills himself to spite his foe. Which race is left-handed? Which has the negative, which the positive of truth? What is truth? What is down? What is up?” *Scientific American.*

THE THEORY OF SLEEP. — A. Struppell (Pfüger’s *Archiv*) reports the case of a patient, aged sixteen, the whole of whose cutaneous surface was completely insensible, so that the strongest stimuli applied to the skin did not excite any expression of pain. A similar anaesthesia was shown in nearly all the accessible mucous membranes of the body, and muscular sensibility was completely wanting. In addition to this, there was a complete loss of smell and taste. Finally, the right eye was amaurotic, and the left ear deaf; so that, when the left eye was bound up and the right ear stopped, there was no further avenue of stimulus to the patient’s brain. When the latter experiment was actually carried out, the patient in about five minutes sank into a deep sleep, from which he could only be roused by the stimulus of light; he could not by shaking only. When he was left to himself, he awoke in the course of the day, after many hours’ sleep, either through internal stimuli or from the excitation of the brain through slight and unavoidable stimuli from without.

British Medical Journal.